

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## LOCHABER NO MORE!

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to the  
glen,

No more will he wander Lochaber  
again.

Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!  
The lad will return to Lochaber no  
more!

The trout will come back from the  
deeps of the sea,

The bird from the wilderness back  
to the tree,

Flowers to the mountain and tides to  
the shore,

But he will return to Lochaber no  
more!

O why should the hills last, that never  
were young,

Unperishing stars in the heavens be  
hung;

Be constant the seasons, undrying the  
stream,

And he that was gallant be gone like  
a dream?

Brave songs will be singing in isles of  
the West,

But he will be silent who sang them  
the best;

The dance will be waiting, the pipes  
will implore,

But he will return to Lochaber no  
more!

Child of the forest! profound is thy  
sleep,

The valley that loved thee awakes  
but to weep;

When our fires are rekindled at dawn  
of the morn,

Our griefs burn afresh, and our  
prayers are forlorn;

The night falls disconsolate, bringing no  
peace,

No hopes for our dreams, for our  
sighs no release;

In vain come the true hearts and look  
from the door,

For thou wilt return to Lochaber no  
more!

*Neil Munro.*

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## CROCUSES AT NOTTINGHAM.

*(From a Trench)*

Out here the dogs of war run loose,

Their whipper-in is Death;

Across the spoilt and battered fields

We hear their sobbing breath.

The fields where grew the living corn

Are heavy with our dead;

Yet still the fields at home are green

And I have heard it said:

That—

There are crocuses at Nottingham!

Wild crocuses at Nottingham!

Blue crocuses at Nottingham!

Though here the grass is red.

There are little girls at Nottingham

Who do not dread the Boche,

Young girls at school at Nottingham

(Lord! how I need a wash!).

There are little boys at Nottingham

Who never hear a gun;

There are silly fools at Nottingham

Who think we're here for fun.

When—

There are crocuses at Nottingham!

Young crocus buds at Nottingham!

Thousands of buds at Nottingham

Ungathered by the Hun.

But here we trample down the grass  
Into a purple slime;

There lives no tree to give the birds

House room in pairing-time.

We live in holes, like cellar rats,

But through the noise and smell

I often see those crocuses

Of which the people tell.

Why!

There are crocuses at Nottingham!

Bright crocuses at Nottingham!

Real crocuses at Nottingham!

Because we're here in Hell.

The Times.

## NOT A PLACE OF REST.

I think our world is not a place of rest,  
But where a man may take his little

case,

Until the landlord whom he never

sees

Gives that apartment to another guest.

*Abu'l-Ala.*

## AMERICA AND THE PEACE SETTLEMENT.

The coming of the United States into the War affects the moral and political, as much as the military, situation. The accession of the Republic to the circle of the belligerents should evidently shorten the struggle and bring peace nearer. The Prussian rulers, even before the American Government declared against them, must have known, as indeed they showed plainly enough last autumn when they began to emit peace "offers," that they cannot win the War. Germany and Austria are besieged fortresses, and in the end a besieged fortress must surrender unless it is relieved. But no relief can come to the Central Powers from outside. Their only hope was so to protract the leaguer, and so worry the investing forces by "alarums and excursions,"—in this case taking the special form of submarine raiding—that at length the besiegers would grow weary, or would quarrel among themselves, and the garrison would then be able to capitulate on easy terms, or perhaps even march out with the honors of war.

The entry of America upon the scene has wrecked that prospect. Time is not now on the side of the Germanic group, even giving them full credit for the effect of U-boat ravages upon our commerce. If they can protract the contest long enough they will give the United States opportunity to develop its immense potential war-power, so that in the end a fresh army of a million or two million trained men, with an overwhelming mechanical and artillery equipment, may be arrayed against the exhausted Teutonic legions upon the fields of Europe. It seems likely that Germany and Germany's dependents will abandon a desperate and hopeless resistance before that stage is reached. The time is approach-

ing when we may be able to turn our minds from the supreme anxieties of the War to the intricate problems of the Peace. And here too the action of the United States has profoundly affected the situation.

At the time of writing the Republic is not politically and diplomatically one of the "Allies." It has no treaty or formal engagement with the Entente states as to the manner in which the War is to be concluded, or the terms to be exacted. Its government will act in the closest co-operation with our own, and that of France, for military and naval purposes, and will do all it can to assist us in bringing about the defeat of the common enemy. But the United States is making war on its own account, and for objects which are not necessarily, or at all points, those of the European Alliance; and it hesitates to give its complete adhesion to the engagements of this group. President Wilson, it is believed, favors a "gentleman's agreement," an honorable understanding for mutual aid and support, rather than a definite convention. The United States will go into the War without reserves. Now that it has been forced into conflict with the German military power it is "all out" to beat that power thoroughly and decisively; and its statesmen recognize that the best way to achieve this end rapidly is to second the Allied military effort with all the gigantic resources at their disposal. But when the peace-making stage is reached the United States is not committed to go all the way with us. Here it retains its reserves; it may require some things which we do not seek; it may, on the other hand, decline to support us in pressing upon our vanquished foes some conditions

on which we may be disposed to insist.

This attitude may be changed under the solvent of events. We naturally hope it will be. But the position assumed for the Washington State Department is intelligible to anybody who has watched the course of American opinion. President Wilson knows that many of his countrymen still regard the politics of Europe with a certain constraint. Their enthusiasm has been kindled for the larger moral aims of the Allies, who are fighting, as they feel, for the principles which Americans most value; and they see, in its true light, what the triumph of Prussianism would mean not only for the free nations of Europe but for the civilization of the world. They wished Germany to be defeated, even before they resolved to take a hand in bringing about her discomfiture.

But the long era of isolation has left its traces upon them. They shrink from being involved in the rivalries and ambitions of the Old World. Though they may feel that the President had no option but to take up the challenge so brutally flung at him, they are nevertheless anxious that the policy of the United States should not be too violently deflected from its orbit. They want the German menace to be stamped out, and peaceful states rendered secure against terrorism and wrong-doing. But there is still a suspicion, with which the President must reckon, that the opponents of Germany may not be content with these results alone. The War will be followed by an extensive reconstruction and remodeling of Europe and the Near East, if the Allied plans can be fulfilled; and many Americans feel some doubt as to how far their country should participate in this process.

"Very likely," the American citizen may say, "the Allies may be war-

ranted in transferring Austrian provinces to Roumania and Serbia, German provinces to France, Poland, and Denmark, Turkish districts to Russia, Greece, or Italy. But we do not see that it is exactly our business to bear a hand in these arrangements; particularly as we are not altogether sure that they will promote the ultimate end for which we are fighting, which is that of making it more difficult in the future for any Government to do what the German Government has done to us, and to other neutrals.

"We are quite with you in smashing up the Prussian war machine, and we shall be eager to help you in so damaging the affair that it can never be got into full working order again. But we don't feel entirely convinced that your proposed reconstructions and redistributions are really essential to this object; nor that they will effectively promote that other object we have at heart, which is the creation of a League to Enforce Peace, or a League to Prevent War, or some other organ of international insurance, if human wit can devise one."

This sentiment is somewhat widely prevalent in America, and it must be taken into account by the statesmen of the Entente governments. It is obviously desirable that the United States should be a party to the European settlement, and so closely concerned in it that the whole weight, material and moral, of the Union will be pledged to its maintenance. For if that settlement is to be stable, if it is not to be upset again at the first convenient opportunity, if it is to be something more than a fresh bundle of scraps of paper in the diplomatic rag-bag, it must have behind it the sanction of a practically irresistible force. It will be valid only if it is certain that the armies and the navies, the credit and the mobilized industries, of a combination of great armed Powers



will be employed, when occasion arises, to preserve it. If that combination included the United States of America it would be not only irresistible but unresisted. The police would be so strong that in due course it could walk unarmed, and rely on moral constraint alone. For this reason it would be worth taking some pains, worth making some sacrifices, for the Allies to carry America all the way with them in the peace negotiations, and engage it in that "community of power" of which President Wilson has spoken.

If, however, this result is to be achieved it may become necessary to distinguish clearly between what may be called the primary, and the secondary or ultimate, issues of the War. By the first I mean the causes that directly led to hostilities, so far as the various belligerents are severally concerned; by the second the larger and remoter consequences which they expect, or desire, from a victorious peace. Every combatant on the Allied side took up, or was compelled to take up, arms for a specific purpose which could be quite simply stated. In the case of France, Belgium, and Serbia, the purpose was sheer self-defense; they were left no choice; the invader had flung himself upon their soil, and they were compelled to bend all their faculties upon his expulsion. Great Britain went to war to redeem Belgium, and release France; Russia to protect Serbia; Italy to obtain "compensation" from Austria for the breach of Clause VII of the Triple Alliance agreement with regard to the Balkans.

Those were, and are, the first objects which the Entente Powers keep before them. Restitution and reparation are the "irreducible minimum" on which they must insist before they can even listen to any proposal to sheathe the sword. The occupied countries and districts must be re-

stored to their owners, the marauding armies must be withdrawn, and guarantees given that the enormous injuries they have done shall be made good by adequate indemnities. Further, and as an integral part of this program, the Allies must do their best to blunt the murderous instrument by which the crimes have been perpetrated. Mr. Asquith explains the process as the destruction of Prussian militarism, Mr. Wilson as the overthrow of Prussian autocracy. It has never been made quite clear how the Allies can take direct steps to bring about this result, beyond inflicting crushing defeat upon the armies, and if they can get at them, the fleets, of the aggressor. But we are justified in including among the primary objects of the War, to which all the Allied belligerents are committed, the weakening and reduction of the Prussian war-power, so far as that may be possible and practicable.

On these primary issues of the War the Americans are likely to go as far as any of us. They intend that Prussian militarism, and the political system on which it is based, shall be thoroughly discredited and disgraced. They will not shrink from the logical consequences of this decision, and will support us in pressing for all the reparations and restitutions we are able to exact. Americans, owing to the magnificent share they have taken in the relief work, know more than we do of the ravages in France, Belgium, Serbia and Poland. When the bill for damages is presented the United States will agree with us in insisting on payment, and will probably endorse our action if we find it necessary to take territorial, or other security, for the liquidation of the account. If we have to recover two thousand millions or so from the Teutonic Empires I imagine that the American conscience would not be shocked should the Allies

find it necessary to enter into possession of German iron mines, or Austrian customs revenues, for a term of years, and use the proceeds for the benefit of the robbed and injured parties, including perhaps the neutrals whose ships have been wrongfully destroyed.

We may go farther. America is at war for the "freedom of the seas," in a different sense from that in which she has hitherto interpreted the phrase. She contends, as we do, that the submarine cannot be used without setting at naught the dictates alike of humanity and of international law. She would probably concur with us in making it a condition of peace that Germany should join Great Britain, France, and the United States in an agreement to forbid the employment of submarine vessels for the future in naval warfare. But she would know that Germany could not be trusted to observe this convention except under compulsion; and she might concur with us in requiring that the Kiel Canal should be neutralized, and its gates held by an Allied force, until such time as Germany had redeemed her character and shown that she had ceased to be a danger to the world. The United States, as we have been told, intends to make a "clean job" of the business of stripping Prussianism of its opportunities for doing mischief. It will not be hampered, or expect us to be hampered, by any undue leniency in pursuing this task to a conclusion.

But as the War has gone on the original program has been supplemented by other items. Some of these have arisen from the incidents of the campaigns, and the necessities of the military situation. Warlike operations have been carried on over a wide area, and have brought us in contact with obstinate facts and irrevocable actions. Britain, which assuredly had not the smallest desire to annex an-

other square yard of territory anywhere in the world, has already found herself in possession of a new overseas empire. Against her will, by the mere logic of events, as the sequence to military and naval movements she could not avoid, she has seized, and is holding, and must continue to hold, districts in Africa, Asia, and the Pacific many times larger than Germany and Austria. In one of her famous fits of "absence of mind," she plunged confusedly upon Mesopotamia, suffered disaster, quietly set to work to turn defeat into victory, and now is clearing the Turk out of Irak as well as Palestine, and resuscitating the Arab Caliphate. Presently she will have another great Moslem nation on her hands or under her protection. Here are vast possibilities, which assuredly we did not contemplate when we declared war against Germany on the 4th of August, 1914, because she refused to promise that she would respect the neutrality of Belgium.

For others the outlook has widened more consciously. France did not go to war to recover her lost provinces; but now that she is at war, the latent yearning has become a definite desire which she intends to gratify if victory gives her the chance. Serbia struck back only in self-defense, nor did she strike at all until the first blows had been dealt her. But if her assailants are sufficiently humbled she hopes that from their ruin may emerge the Greater Serbia of her dreams, the united Jougo-Slav nation that will embrace all the Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, and Illyrians of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and the Balkan wedge. Italy aspires not only to the *Italia Irredenta* of the Trentino and Gorizia but to Trieste, Istria, Dalmatia; and to Valona, the Gibraltar of the Adriatic, with its hinterland. Roumania wants Transylvania and some adjacent districts, so as to

incorporate all the Wallachs and Roumans of Hungary with those of the old principalities. Poland, terribly burned, but yet scorched into vibrant vitality, by the stinging flame of war, and promised national revival by both sides, may claim that her reintegration should be made complete by the inclusion in the new autonomy of the Polish-speaking districts of Prussia and Galicia. Russia, or so at least her late Government declared, saw before her the goal of her long southward march and the city of the Eastern Cæsars in her hands.

To some of these aspirations the Allied Governments have given their formal adhesion. They have added others. They have understood now much that was misapprehended or ignored when the conflict opened. The remoter causes of the catastrophe have been laid bare; many books have been written to reveal the true motives and character of the Prussian policy; many others to show that Europe has long been suffering from the malaise and distempers of neglected, perverted, or unfulfilled, nationality. There might be healing by a bold surgery applied to the diseased and distorted areas. Permanent peace may find its roots in the release of all peoples groaning under an alien dominion, and in the completion of the arrested development of unsatisfied nation-states.

The Allied Note of January 10 in reply to President Wilson hints at a large territorial remodeling in accordance with these ideas. It speaks of "the reorganization of Europe" based on "respect for nationalities"; of the restitution of provinces "formerly torn from the Allies by force"; of the liberation from alien dominion of Italians, Slavs, Roumanians, and Czecho-Slovaks, and "the populations" subject to the tyranny of the Turks; of the expulsion of the Ottoman

Empire from Europe. By this scheme Turkey will be driven across the straits and confined to Anatolia. Austria will be deprived of more than half, or perhaps two-thirds, its inhabitants. New states, or newly consolidated and enlarged national units, will stretch across Central and Southeastern Europe from the *Ægean* almost to the Baltic.

The "war-aims" (*buts de guerre*) of the Allies, as they are styled in the January Note, have been inspired by a closer understanding of the ambitions of Germany, and of the atmosphere in which these were generated. They see that the great armed autoeracy had been long preparing to plant its heel upon the bodies of the quivering, unsatisfied, divided nationalities, so as to bring them all under its military and economic control. When that had been accomplished a population probably exceeding a hundred and fifty millions, immense resources, and a vast solid block of territory reaching from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, and covering the main land routes of the eastern hemisphere, would be at the disposal of the Berlin and Potsdam executive, and could be organized for still wider conquests, and the gratification of the most sweeping Asiatic, African, and Oceanic aspirations. A chain of barrier-states, self-governing, and impregnated with full national consciousness, would check the Teutonic surge to the South and the East; and would cease to be the sport of the internecine jealousies and external intrigues which have made a large part of Europe a danger zone of volcanic activity for more than a century. The project of "Mittel-europa," as conceived by the Prussian "Eastern" school of publicists and propagandists, must be defeated; for its achievement would mean an organization of Germany, Austria-Hungary, the Balkan regions, and Asia

Minor, inconsistent with the freedom and security of the world in general.

The aim of the Allies is admirable, and its ethical basis unquestionable, since it rests on the principles of nationality and popular government, the passionate and inspiring thoughts of the modern age. That all peoples should be masters of their own destinies, and that all should be enabled to develop to the full their national identity and individuality—these are propositions that few, in western countries at least, would dispute. But the path to this goal is neither smooth nor easy. There are many difficulties in the reconstruction outlined above, difficulties so serious that it may well be doubted whether the tangle can be cut through at a stroke, even if the stroke is dealt by the victors in a triumphantly successful war.

It is assumed in many quarters that the Allies will make this reconstructive process one of their conditions of peace, and will refuse to lay down their arms till they see it in a fair way to accomplishment. The fighting will go on till Austria-Hungary is broken up;\* till the Ottoman Empire is routed out of Europe; till Bulgaria has been pared down or shared out; till Germany has been forced to hand over Alsace and Lorraine to France, Luxemburg to Belgium, North Schleswig to Denmark, Posen to Poland, in addition to the restitutions and reparations of the territories she has forcibly appropriated since July 1914.

It is not however quite certain that this is really the meaning of Article VIII in the Allied Note of January 10, 1917. Its authors set forth their "war-aims" in response to President Wilson's request that they should define their several objects in prosecuting the War. This request they "find

no difficulty in answering"; and accordingly they proceed to enumerate the heads of the propositions to which I have referred. But these are expressly distinguished from their view of "the terms on which the War might be concluded." Mr. Wilson's question as to those terms, they say, has already been answered in their reply to the German "Peace" Note of December 12, 1916;\*

In that reply nothing is said of the territorial redistributions:

Once again the Allies declare that no peace is possible so long as they have not secured reparation of violated rights and liberties, recognition of the principle of nationalities, and of the free existence of small states; so long as they have not brought about a settlement calculated to end, once and for all, causes which have constituted a perpetual menace to the nations (*qui depuis si longtemps ont menacé les nations*), and to afford the only effective guarantees for the future security of the world.

From this it may be suspected that the Allied diplomatists draw a distinction between the *buts de guerre*—the objects they hope to secure as the ultimate results of the War—and the terms on which they would be ready to conclude peace.

\*Art. VIII of the Note of January 10 opens as follows (I give the French text, which is more precise and intelligible than the official English version):

"Ils (les Alliés) estiment que la note qu'ils ont remise aux États Unis en réplique à la note Allemande répond à la question posée par le Gouvernement Américain et constitue suivant les propres expressions de ce dernier "Une déclaration publique quant aux conditions aux quelles la guerre pourrait être terminée."

"M. Wilson souhaite d'avantage: Il désire que les puissances belligérantes affirment en pleine lumière les buts qu'elles se proposent en poursuivant la guerre. Les Alliés n'éprouvent aucune difficulté à répondre à cette demande. Leurs buts de guerre sont bien connus; ils ont été formulés à plusieurs reprises par les chefs de leurs divers gouvernements. Ces buts de guerre ne seront exposés dans le détail, avec toutes les compensations et indemnités équitables pour les dommages subis, qu'à l'heure des négociations. Mais le monde civilisé sait qu'ils impliquent de toute nécessité et en première ligne, la restauration de la Belgique, de la Serbie et du Monténégro et les dédommagements qui leur sont dus; l'évacuation les territoires envahis en France," etc.

\*"It is now plain that the satisfaction of the national principle involves the complete break-up of the Dual Monarchy."—Prof. Ramsay Muir in *The New Europe*, February 1, 1917.

Such a distinction, if it is implied, might perhaps be explicitly stated. This might have an enlightening effect upon American public opinion. For that opinion is not, it would seem, at present disposed to encourage its government to go all the way with the Allies in the territorial rearrangement of Europe though it is quite with them in what I have called the primary aims of the War. If we are to carry America with us throughout the settlement, we may find it advisable to make a definite separation between our terms of peace, that is the conditions on which we will allow hostilities to cease, and the remodeling of the international system which we have in mind.

To keep the two things intermixed, and to attempt to deal with both of them in the process of setting a close to the present conflict, means in the first place carrying on the fight not only with Germany, but with Germany's allies, till they are utterly incapable of further resistance. There are many indications that Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria are chafing under the Prussian hegemony and heartily tired of the War. The time may soon come when they would be glad to be out of it on any terms short of extinction. But if we say to Austria "We will only give you peace when you consent to dismemberment," and to Turkey "You shall be exiled and imprisoned," they may refuse to yield until their predominant partner throws up the sponge and the whole coalition can be brought to the ground together.

It might suit us better to let Germany's clients lay down their arms so that we could finish the War with all our force concentrated upon the crushing of the great pirate-Power. True, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria call for no consideration at our hands. Their guilt is little less than

that of their confederate; Magyar selfishness, Bulgarian treachery, and Ottoman savagery have earned punishment as well as Prussian egotism and violence. But Germany is not only the worst offender but by far the most dangerous. Our main business is with her; she is our chief and most formidable adversary; it is on her collapse that the liberties of mankind hinge. The others are mischievous mainly because she might use their material and geographical resources for her own ends. If we could grant them peace, not indeed on easy conditions but on conditions that would leave them some political cohesion, and might serve as a stepping-stone towards the wider reforms we contemplate, they might grasp at the opportunity to divorce themselves from the association which has led them to the edge of ruin already. Germany would have little scope for incorporating into "Mitteleuropa" an Austria and a Turkey which she had led into disaster; which had left her in the hour of her own extremity; which continued to exist by the mercy of the Allies; and which would be under guarantees to them of good behavior both in their external and their domestic relations. In such circumstances the two Powers might themselves, with Serbia and Roumania, be built into the hedge of barrier-states which will oppose itself to the German *Drang nach Osten*, and shut off Teutonic penetration into the Balkans and Asia Minor.

We want the War to end with the weakening of Prussia-Germany; but we must be careful not to commit ourselves in haste to a reconstruction scheme which would weaken her allies much more than herself, and might even strengthen her commanding position in Central Europe, after she had recovered from the loss and suffering of the past years. The break-up of



Austria would make Prussianized Germany the only strong Power between the Baltic and the Mediterranean. She would be free from contact with another great and partly Germanic state, which has indeed lately shown itself her subservient tool, but is nevertheless always her potential rival. If we hand over all the Jougo-Slavs to Serbia, all the Wallachians to Roumania, all the Italians and some others to Italy, all the Poles and Ruthenians to Poland and Russia, and all the Czechs and Slovaks to an independent Bohemia, there will be nothing left to the Austrian monarchy but the Magyars and the Germans. The Hungarians will probably then declare for complete separation; the Germans will no doubt opt for absorption with the German Empire. It would be difficult for the Allies to prevent them, nor could they attempt to do so without flagrantly repudiating their cherished doctrines of nationality and self-government.

The Pan-Germanists and Prussian Imperialists might conclude that they had after all come rather well out of the Great War. Germany could be content to surrender her two millions of Alsace-Lorrainers, even two or three millions of her Poles, if she could exchange them for ten millions of Austrian Germans, and could bring her frontiers down to the Tyrol, the northern spurs of the Dolomites, and the Julian Alps. A solid block of nearly eighty millions of German-speaking people, all under Prussian control, walled across Europe, ringed about by nests of small nations, and shut off from the waters of the Adriatic, whose waves they could almost hear breaking at the foot of their southern rampart—this does not seem to promise an unembarrassed international future.

The territorial reorganization of Europe is, in fact, an extremely complex task, which must be undertaken with

the utmost circumspection if it is not to aggravate the evils it is intended to cure. It is easy enough to perform the enterprise on paper. Mr. Arnold Toynbee,\* Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons,† M. Chéradame, and other clever and well-informed people, sit down in their libraries with large-scale maps, compasses, and tables of statistics, and draw the new frontiers for us in a masterly and comprehensive fashion. Ethnology, economics, geography are marshaled into the witness-box. The carving-knife and the glue-pot are boldly used. Here a boundary must be let out, here it must be taken in; in one place a nationality must resign some of its members and receive the proper makeweight in another quarter; a Great Power must give up a harbor, a fortress, or a strategic base, and look for "compensation" elsewhere; where no safe national lines can be drawn there must be international areas, placed in the charge of disinterested neutrals, or a joint police, with free ports, neutralized routes of communication, and so on.

It makes a fascinating picture, this of the new Europe rearranged on a scientific plan; though one is haunted sometimes by an uneasy suspicion that after all the new method is a little like some old ones with which we are unhappily familiar. There is a certain resemblance in it to those congresses and conventions of the past, in which towns and principalities and margraviates and populations were weighed off against one another in the high diplomatic scales, and boundaries cut, and trimmed, and twisted, in the honored cause of legality and the rights of rulers as they may now be in that of nationality and the rights of peoples. And the net result of these studies and researches is to leave us with a large part of

\*In *Nationality and the War* (1915).

†In *The New Map of Europe* (1914).

Europe still somewhat confused. Roumanians will be exercising dominion over Magyars and Saxons, Orthodox Serbs will be ruling Catholic Croats and Moslem Bosniaes, Czech majorities will control a substantial minority of Germans, Slovenes will be governed from Rome, or Italians from Belgrade, Bulgars, Greeks, Serbs, and Vlachs will continue to be mixed together in Macedonia. Small states, cut off from the sea, will be economically dependent on their greater neighbors. Mr. Toynbee thinks that all his string of Balkanic, Danubian, and Mid-European minor countries will find salvation in a Zollverein or commercial federation. But it looks as if some time must elapse before Serbia and Bulgaria, Roumania, Hungary, and Bohemia would be likely to come to amicable agreement with one another. The history of the Balkan peninsula suggests that a number of small contiguous nations, acutely conscious of their linguistic and religious differences, are more likely to quarrel for generations than to work together.

The details of the process present obvious difficulties. Take the expulsion of the Ottoman régime from Europe. No doubt it is high time that the sordid and tragic farce of Turkish misrule over subject populations came to its long overdue finale. And no doubt also it would be an impossible piece of wickedness to hand back to that archaic depotism peoples or districts from which it has been lifted. Armenia, with what is left of its Christian inhabitants, must be made an autonomous province under Russian protection. The Arabs of Mesopotamia and Syria, released by British arms from the Ottoman yoke, will not be returned to servitude. The new Caliphate, with its spiritual center at Mecca, may recreate, under British and French protection, something of that ancient and noble Moslem civi-

lization which Turks and Mongols crushed to the earth. Ottoman officialdom will be chased back to Cilicia and the Taurus; and with it incidentally disappears the Berlin-Bagdad dream which was one of the proximate causes of the War.

But the expulsion of the Turk from Europe is more complicated. Who is to take his place on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles? A few months ago it was announced that Russia had earmarked Constantinople as the prize of victory; and it was understood, though it has never been stated officially, that the Western governments had given their assent to this claim. They must have done so with reluctance, blackmailed by the corrupt and treacherous ministers of the late Czardom with the threat of an accommodation with Germany. Nobody really wants to see Russia installed at Constantinople, mistress of the Black Sea and the Danube outlet from Central Europe. And now it seems doubtful whether Russia herself wants to be placed there. Prince Lwoff and M. Kerensky have disclaimed any such designs; the occupation of "Tsargrad," like the other aggressive ambitions of the old Cæsarism, is unsuited to the new Slav democracy. But if not Russia, who then is to be the heir of the evicted Osmanli? On the nationality principle the strongest claimant would be either Bulgaria or Greece; but we cannot very well make over this resplendent prize to the shifty and treacherous potentate of Sofia, or to that honest broker, King Constantine. If the Turk is expelled it would seem that Constantinople and the Straits, with the adjacent district, must be constituted an international state under the joint government of the Powers. We have tried international states, inhabited by mixed populations, before, and the experiment has not been conspicuously successful.

Nor shall we have got rid of the Turkish question by merely driving the Sultan and his retinue beyond the Bosphorus. There are Christians of various kinds, Greeks, Chaldeans, Italians, Levantines in Asia Minor; the Armenians are not confined to Armenia, and we may remember that the horrible massacres of that unfortunate people in 1909 started at Adana. If we shut up the Turks in Anatolia and Cilicia, and simply wash our hands of them there, we shall only be at the beginning of a fresh period of European interventions and international rivalries with the resulting complications. There must be some effectual means of keeping the Turk from the sort of mischief which ends in general conflagration, even when we have turned him out of the Seven Towers and forced him to set up his throne at Konia or Broussa.

The partitioning of Austria is not a problem which can be lightly approached, even with the sacred lamp of nationality to guide our steps. For one thing we cannot be quite sure about the feelings of the various nationals. We know that the Croats heartily detest the arrogant and bigoted tyranny of Buda-Pesth; it is not so certain that they seek to be absorbed into a Greater Serbia, or that Agram, which regards itself as the intellectual center of the Illyrian race, would willingly subordinate itself to Belgrade. The Slovenes again are a somewhat doubtful factor. They do not love German Magyar rule; but is it clear that they are anxious to exchange it either for that of Italians or of Serbs? The Czechs have been disgracefully treated, and denied the privileges to which they are legally, as well as morally, entitled. But they would not accept independence unless they were allowed to annex the Slovak districts of Hungary, because without the two millions of Slovaks they

would be too weak numerically to counteract the large, powerful, and energetic German minority. The Slovaks have never developed any marked national consciousness, and it is not known whether they really desire incorporation with their Czech kinsmen. Even if they consented to come in, the proposed Czecho-Slovak state, squeezed in between Germany, Hungary, Poland, and Russia, buried in the very heart of the Continent, with no outlet to the open world for its flourishing industries except through alien territory, would not be in a very enviable position; and it would be burdened with its 31 per cent of hostile and bitterly resentful Germans, always looking hungrily to the greater Teutonic aggregation beyond the frontier. It is at least conceivable that genuine Home Rule, and racial equality, under a Viennese central government, might be preferred by many Czechs and Slovaks, in spite of their abominable oppression during the present War, to this precarious independence.

All this does not go to show that the reorganization of Europe is hopeless, or that a new international system, grounded on something better than a balance of material force, cannot be established. This War will be fought in vain if the attempt is not made, or if the attempt is a failure. But there is a danger that it will fail if too closely associated with the task of putting an end to strife and restoring peace; instead of being kept apart from this essential preliminary work, and thought out on broad and disinterested principles. Otherwise it may share the fate of the other great settlements of Europe which have only sown the seeds of future wars. This was not entirely due, as is often suggested, to selfishness and dynastic egoism. The negotiators of the Peace of Paris, the Treaty of Vienna, the Treaty of Berlin, were not blind to

considerations of humanity and justice. They were in the main quite sincere in their desire to give Europe security and order; some of them were filled with much the same large conception of an international unity, a concert or federation of civilized nations, which is just now in many minds. But they were compelled to lay their foundations on ground cut up and honey-combed by war, still smoking from the cannon. The interests of humanity and the universal peace were overlaid by the more urgent necessity of reconciling divergent ambitions and holding the balance even between jealous and powerful rivals. The transaction was apt to degenerate into a series of makeshifts and compromises; discreditable bargains were made, so that agreement of some kind might be reached.

There is a danger that the peace negotiations of this year or the next may be colored by some such sinister influences. Here too there will be ambitions to be gratified, rivalries to be adjusted, acquisitions in one quarter to be set against compensations in another, a good deal of territorial bargaining and chaffering to be undertaken. The high ideals before the Allied statesmen will assuredly not be abandoned; but it may be difficult to give full expression to them in this tense atmosphere. The inexorable preoccupations of the moment, as they press upon the belligerents, may take precedence of the wider demands of the future and the world. Therefore it may be hoped that means may be found to separate, so far as may be, these two functions of peace-making and reconstruction; and if, by so acting, it becomes possible for the United States to be intimately associated with both, a more stable settlement is likely to be reached.

If that settlement is to escape the destiny of many predecessors it must

be capable of being enforced and capable of being revised. The treaty or treaties will not satisfy everybody; and the dissatisfaction will not be limited to the Germanic group. The conventions will only be observed if the Higher Contracting Powers are determined to maintain their sanctity by the employment of armed force. And for this purpose, I repeat, the co-operation of the United States is requisite. Without its active aid it may be doubted whether the International Police can hold together, or whether it can be strong enough to discharge its duties. That is why we should seek to make America a working partner in all the arrangements, those for concluding the War and those for reorganizing the European family.

The surest guarantee against the abrogation or evasion of the settlement is to provide machinery for its modification. The negotiators of the past regarded the international system as static instead of dynamic; they forgot that they were dealing with living organisms and a constantly changing environment. They made a rigid cast-iron vesture for growing bodies, and thought their arrangements or rearrangements would last forever, even though they were designed only to fit the conditions of the passing hour. Progressive and open-minded as the Allied diplomatists may be, they have no magic to bind the future. Their most skilfully drafted schemes may become obsolete or irksome as circumstances and opinions alter. After we have finished carving up and pegging down Europe in accord with the demands of nationality, we may discover that nationality, satiated and pacified, has ceased to be a compelling motive, and has been superseded. States and jurisdictions may require to be reconstituted afresh to meet a new industrial or transport synthesis; the cry for economic unity may be

as fierce as that we now hear for nation realization. Diplomacy must be enabled to cope with such developments. Treaties should not be merely scraps of paper; but they are not graven on adamant. They must be obeyed so long as they are valid; but it should be possible to modify or annul them without drawing the sword.

It may therefore be hoped that any treaties which may form part of the coming settlement will be subject to periodical revision. It should be provided that at a fixed date—after an interval, perhaps, of twelve or fifteen years—a Conference should be held of representatives of all the contracting states, in which the agreement would be reconsidered. It should be open to any of the parties to propose the annulment of the instrument as a whole, or the modification of any clause. The Conference would give or withhold its assent to the proposal as it thought fit. If it refused, the contract would still be binding and enforceable; if it accepted, the requisite amendments would be discussed and authorized. Thus if Germany bitterly resents, as may be expected, and is indeed to be desired,

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some of the conditions imposed upon her, she will at least be able, in due course, to bring her case before the assembled Powers and ask for alteration. Whether she would get it would depend on many factors, including her own conduct and action during the intervening period. But this would at least furnish her with a *locus poenitentiae*; this would allow her opportunity to vindicate a claim for re-admission to the comity of nations; this would give her or any other Power a chance to improve her position, or to remedy an alleged injury, without resorting to violence. The periodical Conference for the Examination of Treaties, would not indeed be that council of nations, or world-legislature, which would turn all civilized mankind into a political commonwealth; but it is about as near it as we are likely to get in our time. In combination with an armed League against Treaty-Breaking, it would go far to relieve the world from the fear of aggressive force, and the sudden menace of war. But such a League could hardly be operative unless it included the United States among its fully constituted and responsible members.

Sidney Low.

## ON THE BRITISH SOMME.

I left the Somme French last autumn and found it English the other day. Our lines come down south of the river, whither the Censor will not let me say. Village after village, ruin after ruin, I had known French I found English. *Rues du Général Joffre* had become Piccadillies and *Places de la Victoire* Clapham Junctions. "Lorries must not take this road" where used to be "Route interdite aux camions." The big gray British lorries with discreet little distinguishing pic-

tures on each of tiny flowers, suns, clubs, spades, instead of the equally big French *camions*, but with big pictures, flamboyant or comic, the cock of victory, the funny Dutch dolls under an umbrella, the bulldog smoking a clay pipe. The Tommy with his broad brown trench helmet, instead of the *poilu* with his narrow blue one. A whole country made over peacefully from one Army to the other, with the Boches a few yards away, without one hitch.



I am wrong, there was one hitch. I inquired and was told by a Brigade-Major that there was one hitch. In some *débris* of a village or other, British and French troops disagreed. Think of it: in the whole taking over of the Somme front by our troops from the French, there was one hitch in one village. The Brigade-Major told me about it, almost dwelt upon it. What did not seem to have struck him was the amazing thing that there was only one hitch. For the rest the French troops had arranged, planned, timed things amazingly well for us to step in and carry on. Of course, though, there was that one hitch in one wrecked village. One hitch!

We walked quietly in to where the French troops were before, to Maricourt, Bray, Suzanne, Biaches. . . . The Boches knew, of course, but I don't think they knew too soon. The shuffling was made with a dexterity that does credit to our and the French command. The French Somme became English with the best grace in the world. There are not many inhabitants left in villages just behind the front. But one does come across here and there an ancient peasant, a little peasant girl or boy, wandering about among British troops. To them the British soldier is by now an old big friend—strange, incomprehensible, but quite human and familiar. The Colonial, the Indian, the Highlander even are familiar to them. They stand gazing in wonderment at them washing, stripped to the waist. They have an immense idea of our thoroughness from the entire world of buildings, plant, machinery, besides actual guns and shells, which we have shipped over and set up; such a colossal work as has never been known in history before. They can even tell our uniforms and badges, and spot a "brass hat" instantly when they see it. If ever the joke were to come true

that the British Army never will evacuate the British-invaded positions, I don't believe the Somme peasants would mind. The Brigade Major could remember in his various billets since August, 1914, only one crusty old gentleman—whose close friend he has long since become. Allowances must be made for the courtly and cantankerous old Marquis de X. He has never left his estate in the Somme since the war. First he was invaded by the Boches, then the English came, then the French regulars, then the French colonials, then the French marines, then the Senegalese. When the Senegalese settled in his *château* and park the poor Marquis told the Brigade Major (by then his fast friend) in agony, "Mon commandant, no, this war must stop. Think of it, the Senegalese, no, no!" The Marquis is, of course, the dearest old patriotic gentleman in France, but he is fond of his *château* and gardens as well as of his country. The Brigade Major made a lasting friend of him by rescuing what he could of the furniture and pictures from another smaller but beautiful *château* of his then under shell-fire, and now wiped out. Another old French country gentleman, away from his *château* in the Somme, at one time invaded by the Germans, heard from his gardener, left in charge. "I must report to M. le Marquis that some more bottles from his cellar have been drunk" (the words reached the bottom of the page, "those—Boches," cried the Marquis as he turned the page) "by our brave Allies, the English." "Ah, capital," said the Marquis. "Vive l'Angleterre!"

Amiens itself is thought by cynics to enjoy the war. I am not sure I am not one of them. Of course, one gets bombed there (it is, by the way, not merely the official truth but the real truth that the Boche aeroplanes have never once in Amiens hit anything of

military importance, if that was what they were aiming at) and the enemy aeroplanes don't matter so much as our own Archies, which tear the night to pieces with the horrid noise of their anti-aircraft barrage fire every two hours, and kill all sleep. But Amiens has compensations. One sees them in the pastry cook shops, where the Amiens duck pie is sold, in the *Rue des Trois Cailloux*, more crowded by day than the Paris boulevards, and one hears about them in curious tales from the Amiens Commissioner of Police. Amiens, officially, is still half French. French citizens may go there with a French permit. In the British lines, of course, a British G.H.Q. permit is required by all. Some people, by the way, I found a little sad in Amiens. They had just been with Mr. Bernard Shaw on his trip to the front, and he had been funny all the way.

I visited the French aviation camp last autumn, and the R.F.C. camps the other day. One may say that we have created our military aviation since the war, and created our aviation photography in the last year. The latter now is as good as the French; in one respect better, for the pictures are clearer. When I was first initiated into the wonders of aeroplane photography by the French, we were still learning the rudiments. The Boches, of course, know the game, too, yet not as well. I was shown some of their pictures, taken from a German machine brought down, and they could not compare for precision with ours. It is a fact, I was told by the R.F.C., that we have actually at last produced a better photographic lens than the Zeiss or the Goertz. We are not quick at doing things, but we do get there in the long run.

And we don't talk about it. What the R.F.C. is doing is absolutely unknown to the whole world except itself, the enemy, and French aviators. Having

some sort of propaganda mission of my own, I asked the Brigade Major, "Why not let me tell the French public of what British aviation does? They scarcely know there is a British aviation." He squirmed in his seat in the car and said, "No, no, it would go against the grain." The grain notwithstanding, I did tell and publish in Paris that Albert Ball has fought eighty air fights, and has brought down in our lines thirty-two machines, one more than Guynemerthen. The French people, which, after all, is allied with the British people, and peoples not merely armies are fighting this war, had never heard of Albert Ball, or of the score of others who follow him in the confidential list of the best R.F.C. guns, never knew we took any bags at all, scarcely knew we had any aviation. I was given a beautiful printed report on beautiful paper of the week's doings of the R.F.C., and put it in my pocket. Half an hour later a very nice subaltern came and asked me for the document back. "I thought this was for publication." "Oh, no, Sir, it is secret and confidential."

The report gave our losses for the week. They were less than the enemy's, but the civilian always jibs. "What? No, well worth it, well worth it," was the R.F.C.'s answer. Well worth it: what a motto. Aviator boys of twenty and eighteen had not thought of any motto at all, but they live up to it. Their only pass words are "gadget" and "stunt," they show you in delight this and that bit of machinery, and it is a "gadget," and they do their "stunts"—eights and inside edges in the air, they seemed to me—after tea, when they have come back from fighting the Boches, *when* they come back. Boys, indeed, whom one cannot write about, and who could not advertise themselves—the word alone is poisonous. Still, one might know a little more about them than one does.

I saw one of a fighting squadron alight who had just fought three Boches. "Brought one down, I think, Sir, almost sure, Sir," he said to the Brigade Major. "Then my machine gun jammed. Bad luck, Sir." "Luck for you, anyhow, you're here, Smith," and the Brigade Major took me off to see something else in the camp, and "Smith" started overhauling his machine gun and his engine. As a matter of fact he had begun already the moment he landed. "Well worth it"; the R.F.C. ought to take that motto.

The gadgets and stunts we have invented for our aviation observation and photography are marvelous. Each officer shows you his own invention with a boy's delightful pride, devices for signaling, quick methods for flying camp records, codes for announcing each shell where it falls, tricks for simplifying map reading. Something like Y.12.15 sent by wireless means that a shell has burst within so many yards of such an enemy position, and in a certain direction. The precision of aeroplane photographs is wonderful. I saw those of Guillemont before and after our shelling. Before, the minute map of the village; after, a square piece of pockmarked skin; that is exactly what it looked like, with the requisite patience one could have exactly counted the shell holes. Our R.F.C., indeed, learned this great and valuable war game from the French, but we are as good as any at it now. Comparing the R.F.C. photographic service with the French, which I had seen some months before, I noticed one remarkable thing. There is one most delicate job of all, to draw upon the map what you read from the air photograph. You must read and draw with absolute accuracy, otherwise the aviator's work will be worse than useless. In the French aviation camps I visited, the staff for photograph reading and map drawing consisted

of subalterns who were engineers, architects, artists before the war, and there were two officers and educated civilians to one private and working man. In the R.F.C. camp I saw there was one officer in the whole photographic department. All the reading of photographs, all the interpretation of photographs on to maps, all the most delicate and difficult work was done by N.C.O.'s who hadn't an H to bless themselves with.

Where did we find and train this staff of men who are not "educated," and do their difficult and intelligent job exceedingly well? "We got them somehow," said the Brigade Major. We have got them. We have these men who haven't an aitch to their name, and who have brought our aeroplane photographic work to perfection.

For the rest, of course, our and the French Flying Corps are absolutely at one. They are constantly in touch. French aviators know all about what our flying men do, though the French public does not, and "we share absolutely all our secrets and gadgets and stunts," said the Brigade Major.

The war is costing us six million pounds or so a day, I believe, but we really are learning husbandry and economy. Some details still require adjustment, such as that of wines, which British officers' messes in France still, apparently, import from England, a curious arrangement, and, I should think, expensive. In the main, though, we are learning to save and make the best of all our strength in men and material. I saw a R.F.C. repairs' park that is a miracle of ingenious husbandry, installed in a ramshackle old French country factory by a captain who was an obvious civilian, a Manchester business man, I should think. He boasted about what he had managed to do, and rightly. From wings, propellers, and nine-cylinder engines to eighth-of-an-inch

nuts, he could supply everything, and he could lay his finger in a second on anything asked for. Moreover, the entire shop's contents were arranged in boxes like commercial travelers' cases, and the entire repair park plant and stores can in a few hours be packed in lorries and moved off, if the division moves. A fine example of practical, businesslike management. I saw regimental dumps, where all refuse is put together. I saw the bone and stink shops, where every kind of refuse, from old meat bones to soiled lint wound dressings, is saved and put to use: the cotton from old bandages, for instance, goes back to Blighty and becomes explosives. We are getting almost German in our thoroughness. I saw, by the way, also two very fine porkers, which were the property of a battalion, having been bought out of the proceeds of the regimental dump. Every battalion has learned to make money out of its refuse, and by husbanding instead of throwing away, and some have made big sums, generally re-invested in pigs and poultry.

We also husband our man power now quite well. There is nothing finer to be seen just behind the front of the Somme than a so-called school. Officers and men come there straight from the trenches. Many of them arrive wrecks, and go instantly to bed. All leave fit again in a fortnight or so, absolutely new men. They have been bathed, nursed, fed, drilled, wined, sing-songed, cheered up, given outdoor games and exercise in quiet fresh air, where one can only just hear the guns of the lines. Their hosts are officers and men of their own age, who know, too, what trench fighting is (many of them were wounded) and who know how to buck them up again. Drill, football, companionship, a piano, the "Bing Boys or Girls" score, a quiet little old French *château* and grounds;

they are new men again. These practical, gay, sensible rest homes behind the trenches are admirable. There are other schools, which are schools proper, and where all the tricks of warfare today are taught. A gallant Anglo-Indian colonel, who limped slightly, and after a time apologized for doing so, explaining that one of his legs was a sham one since the battle of Ypres, and in the cold weather he got chilblains on the stump, showed me all the tricks of trench-mortars and Stokes guns, in which he trained young officers, who come down from the trenches for extra finishing course of a week or so. A sergeant-major showed me new amazing bayonet tricks which he had just invented, and which he practised successfully one against three supposed Boches. In another school, subalterns down from the trenches were being finished off in all the most modern murderous arts from gunnery to gassing, which latter the Boches must be sorry now they made us resort to. In one more, crack marksmen, also resting from the trenches, were keeping their hands in by potting at sham Boche heads appearing in unexpected places, and less-experienced Tommies were being taught *camouflage* of dug-outs, and also, for instance, how to use a corpse, friend or foe, as a parapet, with a hole to fire through. The C.O. of the school was particularly proud of his sham corpses, uniform and all equipment guaranteed genuine, through holes in which his marksmen shot. Men who have not been in the trenches thus get used to the real thing.

I had almost forgotten the *morale*, which the civilian always wants to know about. At the front the word, naturally, is unknown, the thing is also. Nobody has any *morale*, from brass hat to private. Everyone just does his job and frequently grumbles,

and knows he is doing his job right, and that the Boche is beaten. I have never met such cocksureness anywhere at any time. It is all a matter of course at the front. "Poor old Boche," that is all they say, he has got it, and is getting it in the neck, and will get

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it worse. I do not know why and how the Boches are beaten, and, at any rate, would not say if I did know. But our Army on the Somme knows they are, that is a fact anyone who goes now to the Somme may learn.

Laurence Jerrold.

## TWO'S TWO.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### THE ONLY EXPLANATION.

Joyce Demayne had finished a lonely breakfast, and was meditating rather sombrely. She had been in her lodgings for a couple of days with nothing to do but to think, and the oftener she went over her recent adventures the less translucent seemed the conduct of a hitherto valued and respected friend. In fact, the harder she tried to discover one single incident consistent with the far-fetched hypothesis that he was an innocent, honorable, and truthful gentleman, the more sombre her thoughts became.

The stair creaked under a manly step, there was a rap on the door, and in walked Major Peckenham with a more cheerful expression than his face had worn for days.

"Wyverne's back!" he announced.

"Back! This morning?"

The Major was pleased to notice that her color rose a little.

"Well," said he, "he has just sent Bilson down with a note, and apparently he arrived in the small hours of the morning."

"Not by train, then?"

"N-no," said the Major with a little hesitation.

"Do you mean that he actually walked back again from Paris?" she asked in a voice that seemed to him a little critical.

"Oh no, he came by car, of course!"

"Why 'of course'? I didn't know he had taken a car."

"It wasn't his own," explained the Major; "at least it wasn't, according to Bilson."

"Do you mind telling me what else Bilson said?" she inquired gently but searchingly.

"Well," said the Major a little uncomfortably, "it's probably an absolute fable, but his account is that Wyverne arrived in a strange car, accompanied by a strange gentleman, and pursued by another car."

"How very romantic!" exclaimed Joyce brightly. "Do tell me some more particulars."

"The other particulars are—er—really quite ridiculous."

"Still, I should like to hear them," said Joyce persuasively.

The Major hesitated.

"I suppose you will hear them from some one else," he admitted, "so I may as well mention the rubbish now. There are merely some improbable details about a lady's dressing-gown, and—er—certain under-garments and so on, but—er—absolute nonsense, of course!"

"Of course!" agreed Joyce. "Sir Wyverne's conduct lately has been so remarkably conventional that one can't imagine him doing anything out of the way, can one?"

For a moment Major Peckenham seemed to find a little difficulty in answering. Then he said earnestly—



"I do hope, Miss Demayne, you won't take all this gossip seriously. I have known Wyverne from his school days, and he is really one of the best fellows breathing. He wants you to go back. In fact, that's really why I'm here. Wyverne's note was simply to tell me to make his apologies till he can make them himself, and see that you packed your things and came back. The car is waiting for you."

"Perhaps," said Joyce after a moment's pause, "I had better go up to the Park and see Sir Wyverne. In fact, as I am still in his employment, he has a right to order me——"

"It wasn't an order; merely a most—er—apologetic request!" interrupted the Major.

"But I certainly shan't pack my things," concluded Joyce. "If you wait one moment I'll get on my hat."

She left the Major shaking his head gravely.

"It's Wyverne's own dashed fault!" he said to himself. "And such a fine girl, too,—I hope to Heaven he doesn't lose her!"

She returned in a most attractive hat—quite her most fetching, he thought, and he assisted her into the car.

"Aren't you coming with me?" she asked.

"No," said he; "Wyverne wants only to see you this morning. I hope to see him later, but my business can wait. There's absolutely no hurry."

In fact, the more the gallant Major reflected on the way he had done his duty, the less hurry there seemed to be.

The first thing that met Joyce's eyes when Horrocks threw the front door open was a large brown trunk on which was inscribed in white letters "Lady Warrington-Browne." If it had been intended to catch her eye, it could not have been better placed, and instinctively she asked—

"Is Lady Warrington-Browne going away?"

"Her ladyship wishes to see you for a moment immediately on your arrival," replied Horrocks.

He led her to the morning-room, and there she found her ladyship seated, dressed ready for going out. The dowager only waited till the door was closed and then said in her driest voice—

"I have informed my son that if you return to this house, I shall leave it instantly. That is all."

"Thank you very much for telling me," said Joyce pleasantly, and she rejoined Horrocks in the hall.

He led her next to the baronet's study, threw open the door and announced her, and then as he made his way back, smiled inscrutably.

Joyce found Sir Wyverne seated at his writing-desk. Beside him lay three letters already written. One was addressed to the Marquis of Mount-appleton, another to the Manager of the Hotel Chic, and the third to the Warden of Warrington Hostel; while on the baronet's face was that expression which an experienced literary man would at once recognize as characteristic of the essayist who has just accomplished an exceedingly difficult and delicate piece of composition.

He seemed about to greet his visitor very warmly indeed, but her attitude appeared to check him. Yet his smile remained very engaging and cordial.

"I must begin by apologizing most humbly for the way you've been treated," he said.

"It wasn't your fault," she assured him.

"Still," he said earnestly, "I hope you will let me take the blame and make the reparation."

"It is very good of you to wish to."

Wyverne looked a little nonplussed.

"I'm afraid you don't find it easy to forgive me; but I do hope you won't

let anything that has happened stand in the way of our—er—resuming—well, being just as we were before.”

“So many things have happened,” said Joyce. “I had better tell you about them first, and then you can judge for yourself whether—well, whether what you suggest is possible.”

Sir Wyverne endeavored to look like a man who was about to hear entirely fresh and interesting news.

“When you disappeared——” began Joyce.

“Disappeared!” protested the baronet. “You mean when I went to—er—well, went away.”

“I mean when you started to walk to Paris at midnight carrying your luggage and leaving me to break the news,” said Joyce, smiling very nicely, but rather coldly, he thought. “Two mornings later I got a letter in your handwriting and signed by you, telling me to come up to town that afternoon and meet you at the Hotel Chic. There was absolutely nothing to make me feel suspicious——”

At this point Sir Wyverne, who had very rapidly found his part of interested audience too difficult to play, interrupted impetuously.

“I know all about it!” he exclaimed —“in fact I know every detail of everything that passed at the Chic, and I assure you you needn’t worry over the ridiculous episode any more. Archibald made a perfect fool of himself, but he was quite correct in saying that I knew what he was about and was thoughtless enough to give him a free hand.”

“Not with the check-book surely!” she exclaimed.

“With everything!” he assured her, and then his voice changed and a new light came into his eyes. “And now I have something to tell *you*. Joyce, dear——”

He had risen and come to her side. She started back in her seat.

“I love you! That’s all I was going to say,” he said.

She gazed at him very hard, but with no answering affection in her eyes. In fact her curious expression of mingled wonder and horror reminded him suddenly of the sitting-room at the Chic.

“You mean to tell me you actually allow another man to go about forging letters with your signature—inveigling me into coming up to London to meet him, and even to forge checks on your account!”

“It does seem a little difficult to explain,” he admitted.

“It is impossible!” she cried, “unless you have done something you oughtn’t to, and this is how you pay for it. That is absolutely the only explanation!”

This reading of the situation smote the unhappy baronet like a thunder-bolt. For a moment he found it absolutely impossible to frame any answer at all. She gave him but a moment, and then her voice stung again.

“And now I hear that you were chased home last night, driving a strange car, with a strange man and a lady’s dressing gown and——”

“Stop!” cried the baronet. “Dash it, I draw the line at what I wore!”

“What you wore!” she gasped. “Do you mean you were *in* the dressing gown and the——?”

He nodded with an abstracted air, and then suddenly he exclaimed—

“Look here, the only thing for it is to tell you the whole truth and just trust to you believing me. I give you my word of honor it’s all literally true, but I don’t suppose you’ll believe me even then.”

Joyce’s expression entirely changed.

“If you give me your word, I shall believe you.”

He looked gratified—even touched. but his eyes were still doubtful.

"I warn you it will be a very difficult story to believe."

Those horrible doubts began to return. Poor Joyce found her faith wavering already.

"I shall try my very best," she said in a voice that had a little tremble in it, "but please be—I mean you can be *perfectly* honest with me!"

For a moment Wyverne's face cleared.

"I've got one witness!" he exclaimed and then his face fell again; "at least," he added, "I hope he will corroborate me—or anyhow see that my story must be true."

He left the room, and Joyce tried hard to assure herself that everything was going to be made quite clear and plain.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### PROOF.

Mr. Swinby having been presented to Miss Demayne, Sir Wyverne plunged without further preamble into his extraordinary and (it must be admitted) almost incredible story. As set forth here, deliberately and in plain honest print, by a writer of no great talent but of some experience, the course of events becomes explicable and indeed almost obvious, one step leading to another, and that to the next, and so on. But it sounded quite differently when told merely vocally by a man who actually stated that it had all happened to himself.

To add to the baronet's difficulties, he began to perceive very early in the tale that he was being listened to by an audience, one half of which was evidently acutely disappointed with the insobriety of the narrative, and the other half speculating as to why it was being beguiled with this remarkable romance. In consequence several of the most convincing details were accidentally omitted, hesitation was observable at the less convincing

incidents, and the climax fell absolutely flat.

"Well," said Sir Wyverne, when he had finished, "I don't know whether you believe me or not."

The audience glanced at one another and for a moment made no reply. Then with a great effort at heartiness Swinby observed—

"A jolly good yarn, old chap, I call it! I—er—have no gift myself that way, but I always appreciate other fellows' efforts."

"Dash it," exclaimed Sir Wyverne, "I've told you a lot of the actual things Archibald said to you! How do you explain my knowing them?"

"Oh, rather, that's most mysterious," admitted his guest, who was evidently trying very hard to please; "in fact, the only way it can be explained is if Archie met you when he left me and ran up to town."

"It's impossible he could have told me all that!" cried Wyverne.

He turned to Joyce and demanded—

"And how do I know all about what happened at the Chic, if I wasn't really Archibald?"

"I have no idea how many opportunities you had of meeting one another after I left," she answered quietly and a little frigidly.

"Look here!" exclaimed Wyverne, "I'll tell you a few more things that happened."

He told them, and they were visibly impressed. Indeed Joyce grew decidedly uncomfortable, while Swinby opened his blue eyes wider and wider.

"It's perfectly extraordinary!" he exclaimed.

"It is quite uncanny," she admitted. "But then—then it's so impossible!"

"But how do I know all about what Samuel said or did?" demanded the baronet.

"Of course, I didn't know that fellow," Swinby reminded him.

"And I only saw him once," said Joyce.

"Maurice Peckenham can confirm every word of it—and so can the people at Warrington Hostel!"

"Things that we can confirm ourselves are more convincing," said Joyce.

"Much," agreed Swinby.

At that moment Horrocks entered and came up to his master.

"Her ladyship wishes to see you, sir,—immediate," he said.

"Tell her ladyship," replied the baronet a little warmly, "that I am engaged and shall come when I am finished—and not before."

The butler left, and Sir Wyverne turned to his audience once more.

"Explain this!" he cried; "what happened at Mountappleton's? How did I get there? How did Archie disappear? How did the naked man disappear? *How do you account for their clothes being left in that house, and themselves vanishing.*"

They were evidently impressed, and both hesitated.

"Are you quite sure the clothes were left there?" asked Joyce.

"I saw them," said Swinby.

"You did," she exclaimed. "And you are certain whose they were?"

"They *looked* like Archie's, but of course I can't answer for the other fellow's."

Her face fell a little.

"If I could only be quite certain of that!" she exclaimed, "and if one knew that both Archibald and Samuel had really vanished! What a pity you both left so hurriedly!"

"There were reasons for that," said Swinby.

"Couldn't you go back and get the clothes and make inquiries?"

"Swinby might," suggested the baronet.

"Or Sir Wyverne might," suggested Swinby.

"But I think it would be inadvisable," added the baronet.

"Extremely," agreed Swinby.

Suddenly Joyce's eye grew brighter.

"Have you any more of those capsules left?" she asked.

"No," replied Wyverne emphatically, "I am thankful to say I haven't, and I have learned my lesson too well to make any more!"

"Well then," said Joyce in a voice that seemed not far off tears, "how can you possibly expect even your greatest friends to——"

She was interrupted by the entrance of the dowager, an open letter in her hand, and on her face as formidable an expression as her oldest acquaintance had ever seen there. Lady Warrington-Browne surveyed the party with a hostile and yet triumphant eye.

"Wyverne," she began, "for the second time this morning you have been grossly lacking in respect for me. On the first occasion I warned you I would leave the house if you persisted in your intention of asking Miss Demayne to return. On the second occasion you refused to come to me when I sent for you. Had you come, you would have been spared the public exposure I mean to make now; and after it is made I do not think there is much chance of any self-respecting woman consenting to act as your secretary any longer."

"This sounds very ominous, mother," replied the baronet with his customary courtesy.

"Hush!" she said, "I do not wish any of your affectations of politeness now. Here is a letter which has just come to me from Lord Mountappleton. It is so urgent that he has sent a man with it in a car. I shall now read it aloud to you, and" (she added with extreme asperity) "your friends:—

"Dear Lady Warrington-Browne,—As an old friend, well aware of the good influence you have hitherto exercised over your son, I feel it my

painful duty to inform you of the following series of occurrences at my house in the course of yesterday—

"(1) In the morning I received a visit from a certain Mr. Fitz-Wyverne, accompanied by a person of the name of Swinby. Mr. Fitz-Wyverne purported to be a cousin of your son's, and was furnished with a note of introduction from him, requesting me to put this precious couple up for the night. This I consented to do out of consideration for your son and yourself.

"(2) In the course of the evening my house was entered by a stranger who, from indications subsequently found on his clothing, was called Samuel Harris (or perhaps I should rather say who assumed that name). This person divested himself of his clothing in Mr. Swinby's room, and subsequently had the indecency to enter my sister, Lady Ellvin's bedroom, and actually to present himself before her in this unclad condition!

"(3) Immediately afterwards Mr. Fitz-Wyverne appears to have divested himself of his clothing also, and in company with Mr. 'Harris' to have vanished into space. In spite of the most careful search, not a vestige of either individual has been discovered, beyond a series of deep heelmarks on my lawn. That these were made by Harris's boots seems certain, because his boots alone were not with the rest of his clothing. They led from beneath my sister's bedroom window to the wall of the garden.

"(4) Simultaneously Mr. Swinby appropriated my fur coat, took Mr. Fitz-Wyverne's car out of the garage, and was then joined by an individual who was seen descending from the garden wall attired in my sister's dressing gown. This last fact, taken in conjunction with the others conclusively proves that he can have been none other than 'Harris.'

"(5) The fugitives' car was followed

by one of my own containing three of my servants. The runaways were finally tracked down to your house, and there my servants were informed that *Fitz-Wyverne* had accompanied Swinby—whereas we know it was Harris. On making inquiry at the lodge, however, they discovered that the gates had just been opened to a car containing Swinby *and your son*, and nobody else. Therefore your son and 'Harris' are evidently identical.

"(6) On subsequently searching the clothes of these two worthies, Fitz-Wyverne and Harris, the following articles belonging to your son were found in the pockets. A. In Harris's pockets—a fountain pen, a pocket diary, and four notices of meetings connected with philanthropic institutions.

"B. In Fitz-Wyverne's pockets—a card case, a cigarette case, and a post-card six months' old signed 'Joyce Demayne.' As Fitz-Wyverne has vanished utterly, and as it seems incredible that your son should have presented him with these peculiarly personal articles, it follows that your son must also have been Fitz-Wyverne exceedingly skilfully disguised. There is a little difficulty, I admit, in reconciling the apparently simultaneous appearance of Fitz-Wyverne in my drawing room and Harris in my sister's bedroom. This, however, seems to me a trivial difficulty compared with the impossibility of accounting for the occurrences in any other way.

"In case it should be your son's intention to exercise his somewhat peculiar talents at the expense of any of your other friends, it seemed to me that this brief account of his recent exploits might not be out of place.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"Mountappleton.

"P. S.—My purloined fur coat was returned last night, but my sister's dressing gown has not yet been re-



covered. Unless your son finds it absolutely essential for his next masquerade, she would be greatly obliged if you would be good enough to send it back by the car that brings this letter.

"M."

As the dowager raised her eyes after reading this damning indictment, she was startled to see that it had produced the most unexpected, and indeed extraordinary, effect upon her audience. Instead of looking crushed or guilty, Wyverne was smiling in positive triumph, and instead of shrinking from him, Miss Demayne seemed actually radiant.

"Well," said he, "do you believe me now?"

"I do!" murmured Joyce.

"Mother," said Sir Wyverne as politely as ever, "you will find the dressing-gown in the top left hand drawer in my room, and if you still propose to leave us, perhaps you had better see that it goes back in Mount-appleton's car before you go. I may mention that Miss Demayne has decided to stay with me. At least," he added, turning to Joyce, "I sincerely hope you will."

The dowager was surprised, and vaguely disturbed to see that Miss Demayne blushed.

"If—if Sir Wyverne really wants me to stay very much," she answered in rather a low voice.

"I do!" said Wyverne.

"Then I go!" announced the dowager, and without waiting for any reply she went.

"Oh, what a pity!" exclaimed Joyce, with no hostility now.

"We shall make it all right in time," said Wyverne; "we must—er—talk it over, though."

Both glanced instinctively at the third party, who, being a gentleman of considerable discernment, remarked

that, if permitted, he should like to return to his interrupted study of "The Sportsman." And over a blazing fire in the billiard-room, with a box of his host's best cigars at his elbow, a glimpse of a deer-park from the window, and Security for his blessed companion at last, the battered ex-hussar mused very pleasantly.

"With dear old Archie bottled up inside him, Warrington-Browne's all right!" he reflected. "He can't help being a good chap even if he tries. I do believe Archie has left me his extraordinary luck as a parting gift!"

In the library Sir Wyverne was also congratulating himself, for he was being made the happiest man at that moment in England.

The very heartiest congratulations Wyverne received were those of his old friend Maurice Peckenham. After expatiating on the beauty and virtues of the equally fortunate lady, the Major in the fulness of his heart could not help exclaiming—

"Thank God, you have settled down at last, Wyverne! England expects every man to do his duty, you know; and really, old chap, it isn't considered the duty of a fellow in your position to provide quite so much entertainment for the public."

"You have an extraordinary knack, Maurice, of putting public opinion in a pill-box," replied the baronet gravely. "I shall certainly try to be more decorous in future. And by the way, talking of duty, I hear you have been doing yours."

The Major looked a trifle uncomfortable.

"I've been meaning to tell you all about that episode," he began.

"I know all about it already, and you did quite right!" said Wyverne.

Major Peckenham looked infinitely relieved. In fact, he even ventured presently to suggest—

"Some day, perhaps, you won't mind telling me the real facts about Harris and Fitz-Wyverne; will you, Wyverne?"

"I tell you what I'll do," said Wyverne, "I'll get some reliable fellow to investigate them and write them all out—make a kind of true story of them, so that you can read the whole thing for yourself. How will that do?"

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Right you are!" said the Major. "But get him to stick to the actual facts, and not draw any morals or try to reform anybody. I've had enough of the Samuel kind of thing!"

"So have most people," agreed Sir Wyverne. "Hullo, I hear Joyce calling me! Good-bye for the present!"

"Lucky dog!" murmured the Major with a little sigh.

The End.

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE: WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

### I.

It was on January 28th, 1898, that Swinburne said to me, as he showed me his copy of Baudelaire's *Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris* (1861)—a pamphlet of seventy pages, on which was written "à Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne, Bon Souvenir et mille Remerciements. C.B.," in pencil—"that Baudelaire was always a boy; he liked to contradict people." He spoke with the greatest admiration of *Les Fleurs du Mal* and of most of his prose, but pointed out his critical failures in his worship of Poe and of "a popular draughtsman in the *Illustrated London News*"—that is, Constantin Guys. "Poe," he went on, "had the luck to be born on the right side of the Atlantic. Now Tupper, had he done the same, would have combined Walt Whitman and Longfellow in one: half would have been Martin and half Tupper."

After these splendid paradoxes one has simply to say that Swinburne was the first English writer who ever praised *Les Fleurs du Mal*. His review was printed in *The Spectator*, September 6th, 1862. He wrote: "He has more delicate power of verse than almost any man living. The style is sensuous and weighty; the sights seen are steeped most often in sad lights and sullen colors." He notes: "Not the

luxuries of pleasure in their simple first form, but the sharp and cruel enjoyments of pain, the acrid relish of suffering felt or reflected, the sides on which Nature looks unnatural, go to make up the stuff and semblance of this poetry." "*Les Litanies de Satan* are, in a way, the keynote to this whole complicated tone of the poems. Here it seems as if all failure and sorrow on earth, and all the cast-out things of the world—ruined bodies and souls diseased—made their appeal, in default of hope, to Him in whom all sorrow and all failure were incarnate. As a poem it is one of the noblest lyrics ever written; the sound of it between wailing and triumph, as if it were the blast blown by the trumpets of a brave army in irretrievable defeat." On *Un Martyre* he says: "The heavy wave of dark hair and heaps of precious jewels might mean the glorious style and decorative language clothing this poetry of strange disease and sin; the hideous violence wrought by a shameless and senseless love might stand as an emblem of that analysis of things monstrous and sorrowful which stamps the book with its special character. Then again the divorce between all aspiration and its result might be here once more given in type; the old question reiterated:

What hand and brain went ever  
paired?

What heart alike conceived and dared?

and the sorrowful final divorce of will from deeds accomplished at last by force." "Like a mediæval painter, when he has drawn the heathen love, he puts sin on its right and death on its left."

Of *Les Femmes Damnées* he wrote: "It is an infinite perverse refinement, an infinite reverse inspiration, the end of which things is death; and from the barren places of unsexed desire the tragic lyrist points them at last along their downward way to the land of sleepless winds and scourging storms, where the shadows of things perverted shall toss and turn forever in a Dantesque cycle and agony of changeless change."

Swinburne was a great praiser of great work, as he himself admits in his *Notes on Poems and Ballads* (1868): "I have never been able to see what should attract men to the profession of criticism but the mere pleasure of praising." He was the only critic of our time who never, by design or by accident, praised the wrong things. The main quality in his criticism was its exultation. "There is a joy in praising" (words written by Landor) might have been written for him (they were written for Browning). The motto from Baudelaire that Swinburne gave at the head of his *William Blake*, that "it would be prodigious for a critic to become a poet, and it is impossible for a poet not to contain a critic," is equally true of that prose-poet whose genius was not unsimilar with Baudelaire. In certain pages even the paradoxes make one realize how much of this solemn jocoseness went to the making of these unwounding darts: so curiously exhilarating are these criticisms which quicken the blood rather than stir the intelligence.

And for these reasons Swinburne's place is eternally among the greatest of creative writers, with Lamb and with Coleridge and with Baudelaire.\*

He had a sovereign disdain, an infinite contempt, for the mediocrities, the pedants, that as they seemed to crawl in his way, he crushed under his heels. He had a kind of instinct in the art, not of making mischief, but of mischief-making, which came and went in innumerable nicknames, in sly insinuations, in shouts of ironical laughter; in a word, he inherited Blake's "subtle humor of scandalizing."

I shall never forget a certain morning at The Pines, as I waited in Watts-Dunton's study for Swinburne's appearance before luncheon. He floated in, entirely unconscious of my being there; went up to his friend with a newspaper in his hand; from one of the pages he read, with a smile of calm contempt, in his usual voice—yet with mocking accents in it—a scrap of

\**The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, by Edmund Gosse, has given me very real pleasure; it is written in a generous spirit, by one who has known many of our greatest men. The prose has the quality, which I have often found in his pages, of being, in Rossetti's famous phrase, "amusing." Among his most adroit quotations I find this, in the deepest sense pathetic, said by Admiral Swinburne to a friend: "God has endowed my son with genius, but He has not vouchsafed to grant him self-control." When Mr. Gosse says: "Burton a giant of endurance, and possessed at times with a kind of dionysiac frenzy, was no fortunate company for a nervous and yet spirited man like Swinburne," he is no doubt right. Only I imagine Swinburne as the hooped satyr of Dionysus, who, as he leaps into the midst of these gracious appearances, drunk with the young wine of nature, surely with the old wisdom of Silenus, brings the real, evasive, disturbing truth of things suddenly into the illusion; and is gone again, with a shrill laugh, without forcing on us more of his presence than we can bear.

A point of curious interest comes into the narrative where Meredith's words on Swinburne are quoted. "He is not subtle: and I don't see any internal center from which springs anything that he does." Is there not in this a trace of the jealousy of a man who has genius as a novelist, but whose verse is barbarous in rhyme, often obscure in sense, sometimes only passionately intellectual, with the one great exception of *Modern Love*, a masterpiece, where the poem laughs and cries, and attains at times an acuteness of sensation carried to a point of agony? And it was Swinburne who, when *Modern Love* was noticed only to be hooped at, wrote an impassioned letter to *The Spectator*, saying: "Mr. Meredith is one of the three or four living poets now alive whose work, perfect or imperfect, is always as noble in design as it is flawless in result."

a kind of advertisement taken from the review of a mediocre verse-writer, where the insolent critic had dared to contrast *his début* with this poetaster's. I was aware of the comedy of this proceeding before Swinburne was aware of my presence. Without a word more he came up to me and shook hands in his cordial way of welcoming one who was not quite a stranger in the house.

I remember also our entire agreement in regard to Tennyson: that he had an imperfectness of the ear, which even after much cultivation was never entirely out of his verse. I find, in reference to this, in his essay on Morris's verses, when, after quoting from memory those unforgettable lines:

O sickle cutting harvest all day long,  
That the husbandman across his  
shoulder hangs,  
And going homeward about evensong,  
Dies the next morning, struck  
through by the fangs,

he says: "They are not indeed—as are *The Idylls of the King*—the work of a dexterous craftsman in full practice. Little beyond dexterity, a rare eloquence, and a laborious patience of hand has been given to the one and denied to the other. These are good gifts and great; but it is better to want clothes than limbs." There, to a certainty, is "the sting in the tail of the honey."

In his unsurpassably original essay on *Alfred de Musset and Alfred Tennyson* he comes in with a kind of jocund joviality as if a Harlequin stepped into the arena and transposed, mockingly, the sexes of Mlle. Alfred and M. George. After a finely critical estimate of the qualities of Musset's works, praising with sure instinct that inimitable song:

A Saint Blaise, à la Zucca—

a song in which Venice seemed to sing, and which haunted Gautier—after this and an enormous rapture over *Rizpah*,

he proceeds with sinister intentions and subtle undercurrents of irony to unravel the unobscure web of Tennyson's spider-like creations; such as the loathsome Vivien; the abjectness of the King to Guenevere; the downward sweep over a certain Gadarean height of his later *Idylls of the King* from the really splendid first one; the spiteful stupidity of *Locksley Hall*; and, above all, of Tennyson's invariably contemptible opinion of women in general.

As for Swinburne's persiflage, I have an amusing story to relate. One afternoon he came up to me in his study and, with a curious smile, said: "Mr. Symons, shall I quote for your edification the most indecent line in the Elizabethan drama?" This is the line, which he had only recently discovered—of course, a question of sex:

On this soft anvil all the world was  
made.

Few people, I suppose, have read in *The Cornhill*, 1866, *Cleopatra*, signed Algernon Swinburne. It is steeped deep in the spirit of Baudelaire, with certain tricks of style learned from Rossetti. It is intense with vision, it is perverse, it is a reincarnation of that queen who ruled the world and Antony. I give two stanzas of the twenty:

Her mouth is fragrant as a vine,  
A vine with birds in all its boughs;  
Serpent and scarab for a sign  
Between the beauty of her brows  
And the amorous deep lids divine.

Dark dregs, the scum of pool or clod,  
God-spawn of lizard-footed clans,  
And those dog-headed hulks that trod  
Swart necks of the old Egyptians,  
Raw draughts of man's beginning God.

One day, in Swinburne's study, as we stood side by side, I asked him why he had never printed in any of his books these wonderful verses. A subtle smile stole across his features.

He said to me with a gesture: "*C'est un péché de jeunesse!*"

He wove his satirical qualities into his prose. And it is with a touch of learned humor that he writes on one who tried to vindicate the moral worth of Petronius Arbiter: "A writer, I believe, whose especial weakness (as exhibited in the characters of the book) was but a 'hankering' after persons of the other sex." And for fine sardonic humor take this one sentence: "But at the ovens and the cesspools of Dante's hell, the soul, if the soul had fingers, would snap them." Surely this phrase is Juvenalian!

## II.

The first letter that I ever had from Swinburne came to me when I was living in the country. I had sent him a certain book I had edited. It is dated: The Pines, Putney Hill, S.W., Dec. 3, 1885.

My dear Sir:

Accept my sincerest thanks for the beautiful and valuable gift of the reprinted Titus Andronicus of 1600. I never saw a finer example of such work. Personally, I could have dispensed with the marginal references and numbers affixed to the lines, which seem to me out of keeping with the aspect of the page and rather disfiguring to it. But the reproduction of the type is simply delightful. Such a re-issue of all the great quartos would be a boon beyond all price to students.

Believe me, yours very gratefully,  
A. C. Swinburne.

I give part of a letter of his, not addressed to me, dated April 7th, 1887, for this reason: that he states there, quite definitely, what he thought of my introduction to Massinger, printed in "The Mermaid Series." He says:

I have read Mr. Symons's article on Massinger with interest; but it gives, in my opinion, a generally inadequate and a radically unjust estimate of a great writer, if not a great poet. Nor

is the selection by any means the best that might be made. I am sorry to see so able a critic has followed the present fashion of underrating Massinger at least as much as he was perhaps overrated in the generation of Hallam and of Gifford. Critics of their school were, of course, wrong in preferring him as a poet to far inferior artists; but it is quite as unfair, in my mind, not to prefer him as an artist to far superior poets.

In a letter dated The Pines, Sept. 15, 1905, he says:

Dear Mr. Symons,

Thanks for your Coleridge, and especially for introducing me to a new and rather interesting poem—the Sonnet to W. Linley. I never saw it before. The effect of music or singing on the greatest among poets is well worth knowing. I think the selection on the whole excellent, as far as I have looked through it.

Yours very sincerely,

A. C. Swinburne.

The longest letter I had from Swinburne was addressed to me: Fountain Court, The Temple; dated The Pines, Monday, Nov. 12, 1900:

Dear Mr. Symons,

I am not what I may seem to you—the most ungrateful and discourteous of men. I have only got "the missing prologue" this morning. Your letter must have fallen out of the letter box and lain for six days between the wall and the bookcase in the passage on which the front door opens. Now, nearly a week late, I can and do send you my most cordial thanks. I have now got all my odds and ends together except one—a series of four sonnets, headed "Apostasy," which I dare say you never saw. It appeared, I think, in 1886, but in what paper I forget. I want to reprint it as part of a selection of poems dealing with political and personal matters.

As to the subject of your last note, I can only say that I do not at present feel inclined to write any more on



imperial or patriotic subjects, but if I should it is already promised or pre-engaged elsewhere, so that I can only send the "Imperial and Colonial" the assurance of my sympathy and my best good wishes.

Your visit of yesterday gave me very real pleasure.

With renewed apologies and acknowledgments,

Ever sincerely yours,

A. C. Swinburne.

### III.

There was something ceremonial in the lunches at The Pines; in that immense room, study and dining-room, glorified by some of Rossetti's finest pictures in oils. In the center was the long table; Watts-Dunton sat at the top, Swinburne on his right, I at the end. There was generally near me a small bottle of sherry, which no one ever tasted; Watts-Dunton and I drank water, Swinburne stout. He drank it with a certain air of satisfaction, holding up the glass to see how much was left in it. I thought then of his earlier years, when it pleased him to drink wine; when only a few glasses of wine inspired him in his unsurpassable conversations. He felt as one feels that actual luxury when one's tongue is loosened and one forgets half of what one is saying. It is certainly a Bacchic luxury that the Bacchanals in ancient ages exulted in; it gives one the sublime qualities of a liar; it "loses count in the hours"; it stirs one's blood till one is rapt into the exquisite life-in-death of Circe's sorcerous wine.

I had a certain difficulty in raising my voice high enough to be heard by Swinburne, as we were seated at a certain distance from one another. Generally my voice reached him, and his answers were prompt, spontaneous, wonderful. At times when he failed to hear my voice he said resignedly, "I don't quite hear," and relapsed into silence.

Rarely did I hear him talk with more eloquence than of Mazzini and Sir Richard Burton—Mazzini, who had inspired in him a breath of lyrical song unsung by him until his *Songs before Sunrise*; Burton, who had saved him from a certain sickness that came on him on the French coast, to whom he dedicated *Poems and Ballads* of 1878, in these words: "Inscribed to Richard L. Burton in redemption of an old p'edge and in recognition of a friendship which I must always count among the highest honors of my life."

Swinburne continually spoke to me of Rossetti; for his reverence for the man himself and for the man's genius was quite wonderful. Nor is it questionable that Rossetti was the inspiring spirit of his *Cénacle*; for in every one of them one finds his influence, in the lesser as in the greater; and this one man alone possessed the double gift of the poet and the painter. And in the intensity of his imagination, in the fire and glory of his genius, there was, I think, in him alone that "sweep from left to right, fiery and final," which he applied to the work of Dante and of Michelangelo.

In his subtle essay on William Morris's verse Swinburne acknowledged the debt of both writers to the creative genius of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. As to me, perhaps, the most rapturous prose he ever wrote is in the essay on Rossetti, I quote one sentence, for to read all the pages of this prose is to be thrilled in one's senses with almost as much delight as the man about whom they were written must have felt: "*The Song of Lilith* has all the beauty and glory and force in it of the splendid creature so long worshiped of man as God, or dreaded as devil; the voluptuous swiftness and strength, the supreme luxury of liberty in its measured grace, and the lithe, melodious motion of rapid and revolving harmony; the subtle action and majestic

recoil, the mysterious charm as of soundless music that hangs about a serpent as it stirs and springs."

And I give one more sentence, as the exact words, printed in his pages, bring back to me "the very echo" of that voice in all its utterances. It is in regard to his translations. "Wonderful as is the proof of it shown by his versions of Dante and his fellows, of Villon's and other ballad-songs of old France, the capacity of recasting in English on Italian poems of his own, seems to me more wonderful; and what a rare and subtle power of work has been done here they only can appreciate who have tried carefully and failed utterly to re-fashion in one language a song thrown off in another."

One thing I have never forgotten in regard to his conversation was that he talked to me as man to man, with a simplicity of manner all his own; so much so that all this left on me a kind of entrancement, of enchantment. Living, as he did, at a height higher than an eagle's flight, he showed it as often in his silences as in his words. And it was always there—in the strange green eyes that gazed in yours in a kind of abstract passion; in the face, that suggested the sense of flight, with its aquiline features. And one saw in his whole aspect his French subtlety, ardor, susceptibility, with his sensual and sensuous temperament; and in his northern blood the wildness of his imagination, the strength that vibrated in every movement, slender in body though he was. Nor was there ever, I think, a more perfect mixture of foreign blood than in Swinburne. I saw in him that inordinate nervous energy that rose to a point of excitability, that dropped to the level of courteous resignation, as if he had never flagged in life's endeavor, had never been over-weary of life's worst evils. Nor was any man more certain of his own existence than Swinburne.

There shone, shook, surged before me his race, his genius, as inevitably as if his own destiny had shown itself, star-like, in his words:

Save his own soul man has no star.

His voice, when he read his verse, was high-pitched; it was an ecstatic, a rapturous voice; it never went deep, but often up and up as he emphasized every word that had a special significance; he stressed them, he cadenced them, as when he uttered his favorite words, "fire," "sea," "wind," "spirit and sense," "scent and shade"—

The very soul in all my senses aches, as if such words as these had never before been said with so intense a sense of their inner meaning. His voice was not musical yet it was a beautiful voice; it did not ring many changes on the variations of the notes, but it was an inspired voice—a voice that went on and on as he lifted his eyes from his MS. and raised them to the ceiling or fixed them on mine. I have heard many poets read their verse, but (save with the sole exception of Verlaine) never have I been so thrilled, so rooted in my chair, nor drawn in my breath as I did when Swinburne read me his verses.

#### IV.

One afternoon, as I arrived rather late, I was shown into Swinburne's study when he was in the act of reading some of his MS. prose to Sir Frederick Pollock. He went on with it; it was one of his tremendously denunciatory invectives against some tamperers with the texts of Elizabethan dramas; underlying which I saw, for the first time, that natural sense of humor (never wit) but often fine satire, and that kind of quaint jesting that was more in the man when he spoke than in the writer when he wrote. He relished this sort of prose as he relished his malevolent and magnificent son-

nets *Diræ*; certainly the most stupendous things he ever wrote: they have that eternal ring of just anger, that infinite hatred of all the spawned forces of evil that have besmeared the surface of the world, shown in that incredible King-Idol named (wrongly) the Saviour of Society.

The sense of Fate's implacable laws, of Destiny's inexorable following on men's steps, both primeval conceptions, fashioned for eternity by the genius of Æschylus, passed, I think, into the life-blood of Swinburne. And he believed, as all great artists have believed: "In art all that ever had life in it has life forever." He said also: "No man can prove or disprove his own worth except by his own work; and is it, after all, so grave a question to determine whether the merit of that be more or less?" This also he wrote: "No work of art has any worth of life in it that is not done on the absolute terms of art. It is equally futile to bid an artist forego the natural bent of his genius or to bid him assume the natural office of another." And if ever poet left his *Credo* to the world, he, I think, does in those sentences.

"To the question, 'Can these bones live?' there is but one answer; if the spirit and breath of art be breathed upon them indeed, and the voice prophesying upon them be indeed the voice of a prophet, then assuredly will the bones 'come together, bone to his bone,' and the sinews and the flesh will come up upon them, and the skin cover them above, and the breath come into them, and they live."

#### V.

Swinburne said to me, at the beginning of 1907: "My *magnum opus* will be my book on the Elizabethan Dramatists. I have put so much of my life, of my thoughts, of my reading, of my research, of even my painstaking in minute details, into the production

of this volume that I don't mind if it chances to be my last book of prose." It was so: *The Age of Shakespeare* (1908). I think, on the whole, that he was right; for it began with his "John Ford" in 1871, and ended with "Cyril Tourneur." In so absolute an achievement of so fixed a purpose there is the passion and enthusiasm of his youth, his maturer judgments, his last refinements. Yet it has neither the glory of his *Blake* (1868) nor the absolute perfection of his *Study on Shakespeare* (1886); for in this there is an adoration, purer perhaps in essence than in his adoration of Blake, for Shakespeare; it is written in his most imaginative prose style; it is faultless.

I saw Swinburne for the last time in the winter of 1907. After some general conversation he told me of his intention of writing a five-act play on the Borgias; he showed me his *Yriarte*, with his scraps of paper neatly inserted between the pages, by way of reference. Then he lighted his three small candlesticks, arranged them before him on his desk with an infinite sense of order; then turned to the small cupboard behind his chair where he kept all his manuscripts. Those he took out were written on blue paper, a kind of paper that he invariably used for writing either prose or verse. I saw, as he turned the leaves over, certain traces, not many, of his revisions. What he read was the crisis of what was finally his *Duke of Gandia*, from the beginning of Scene III to the end of Scene IV—that is, to the final *exceunt*.

I never imagined that Swinburne could have conceived this one-act drama so subtly, so supremely, out of such sorcerous material as lies in the loves and hates and deaths of the Borgias, and carried it to so consummate an end. For the story is the most shameful, the most shameless, the most fascinating of all such relations of actual lives. In those

scenes he evokes the spirit, the flesh, the bodies of these sinister creatures: from the exquisite Lucrezia, famed for her surpassing beauty, to Vanozza, the Pope's concubine, whose fair loveliness had snared him to the begetting with her of this minute world of sinners. And in these two

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scenes I found, as I heard them (I feel them now as I write), that salt and sense of pity and wonder—not quite as in Aristotle's definition, but in their elemental grandeur, severity, and implacability, that have a spiritual kinship with the great dead and alive spirits, from Æschylus to Shakespeare.

Arthur Symons.

## AMERICA THEN AND NOW: RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN.

Today, when the United States has joined in the War for Freedom, there is a certain fitness in the publishing of this narrative of the experiences of a young English girl in 1860-4, the fateful years of the Civil War, when under the leadership and inspiration of President Lincoln, the American nation was finding its soul in a struggle against the slave power of the Southern States. The narrative is taken from letters written, week by week, to her parents and family in England, while she was living in the house of her sister and brother-in-law, an ardent Republican, a high Churchman, and lover of England, where she had opportunities of seeing and talking with many statesmen and politicians. The narrative suggests many points of likeness between the America of 1860-5 and that of today. There was the same prolonged hesitation as to the moral issues of the war, and the same inexorable determination of the country when the decision was reached. For the most part, the letters are a running record of daily life full of many interests and social pleasures. The extracts made from them are almost exclusively such as deal with public events of the time. The sketch of these great events is slight indeed. But perhaps it is worthy of note that even these immature comments, and the eager admiration of President Lincoln which they show,

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testify to the growing significance of the figure of the President and how steadily and surely he moved to his high place in the annals of his country which he has ever since held. The name of the great President occurs early in the letters—in the very first of them—telling how, after the writer's ten days' voyage, in September, 1860, the *Persia* slackened speed at Hoboken to take up the pilot. The author writes:—

The passengers gathered in a group, awaiting the first news from shore. As the pilot dropped down from the gangway, his first words were, "Filibuster Walker is shot, and Abraham Lincoln is nominated President." A gentleman beside me murmured thoughtfully, "And who the devil is Abraham Lincoln?"

A later letter tells how upon her arrival people were asking what the President (Buchanan) would do:—

Dec. 30th, 1860.

About 9 o'clock Mr. T. K. came in, in a state of great enthusiasm and excitement, with the news of the evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson, who, it seems, is a patriotic man, indignant and disgusted by the treachery of the President (Buchanan), who refused to give him any command for securing the safety of his little band from certain butchery—took the law into his own hands, and now, having spiked the guns of the small fort, has removed his garrison to the

impregnable Fort Sumter, which commands the Bay and town of Charleston, the headquarters of the South Carolinian rebels. What will the President do? Will he recall Anderson? The whole North would rise if he did. If he does not he will lose all the favor of the South for which he has betrayed his trust. "It means conflict," said Mr. T. K. "In such a cause I would turn out myself at the head of 500 men, and work on our line of railway."

The next letter depicts the state of things while the policy of Lincoln, the newly-elected President, was uncertain:—

For the last month, the secrecy preserved by the President and his Cabinet has completely misled men's minds. Now all the world is startled by the most certain sound of warlike preparation. One hears of the chartering or manning of steamers, the movement of troops, and the provisioning of the forts. Though there has been no official announcement as to the end of these preparations, it is not difficult to guess what it is. I think people are glad that the sullen storm seems about to break. They think that there is a better chance of things being settled, and there is a sense of relief from the gloom and uncertainty of the past month. How the *Times* and the *Guardian* run down Lincoln's "Inaugural"!

*March (no date), 1861.*

Today Lincoln is inaugurated, and Buchanan leaves the White House, and hides his diminished head in the safety of his country house. He leaves, followed by hatred and curses. Lincoln's speeches, made on his progress through the Northern States towards Washington, have disappointed people, I think. But everywhere else, in the choice of his Cabinet from both sides of the Republican Party, his quiet determined manner among all the brawling multitude of office-seeking politicians, all has promised hopefully for the future. We are anxiously awaiting the message which will be

here tonight, and in which his future policy will be disclosed. A telegram from Washington this morning says he denies the right of secession, means to enforce the collection of the revenue, to reclaim the seized Federal property. All which does not mean compromise.

*March (no date), 1861.*

E. C. called for me early, to go to a window for the procession. It passed at 5 o'clock, and went slowly past the house. The street was crowded. Bands played. Feet moving to music always stir my heart! It was somehow queer and incongruous, for the one thought was how this man was going forward to a fate and crisis in the land, and to some great end, perhaps his own death. I could not help feeling this. How he had come from the prairies of the West, and through the great cities of the East, on to the Capital, drawing nearer and nearer to the strange, great future. There were lines of carriages, and smiling and bowing citizens. I kept my eyes on the one face in the carriage with its four white horses, moving slowly. A dim vision of a hero of the backwoods, who had risen up to be the Chief at such a time of storm had been in my mind. There he sat, a man in a hat, and holding a bouquet! It was a hard test, but his face was grave and unexcited. It had almost a sweet expression. You have heard, no doubt, how Lincoln's life has been attempted twice. Attempts to throw the train in which he was off the tracks. No one knows who were the perpetrators.

The next extract takes up the narrative at the first stage of the war, when the Southern armies were victorious and the alarm at their progress spread to Philadelphia:—

*April 14th, 1861.*

We are all sitting round the drawing-room table, busily writing. E. has just come in from the library, where he has been writing his *Guardian* letter. There is no need to tell you of the state of excitement we are in here. War has commenced, and everyone's



mind is centered on Charleston. For the last three days it has been our one thought. At breakfast time came the great news. E. throw down the *Ledger*, saying "It is war! They have fired on Fort Sumter." Bombardment had followed. It is all confirmed now, and, further, that the Commander has surrendered at discretion, and is now a prisoner in Charleston. Of course, the South Carolinians are, as the correspondent of the *Tribune* says, in "the condition of hares in March with exultation"—indeed, they say, singing "Te Deums." This reverse will be the last sting necessary to raise the North. New England, particularly Massachusetts, is in ferment. There is a rush of volunteers. Some one said:—"Massachusetts will send 50,000 men, and if that won't do, she will come herself!" We had prayers *In Times of War and Tumults* in church today. How many ties of relationship and friendly feeling among those we know will be snapped by that gun fired on Charleston Harbor! There can be no thought of reconciliation now. A breach is made which long years can only in part heal. When one a little perceives what this Anglo-Saxon nature is, and the weight of its determined fury, one realizes what this contest may mean. *Monday*.—The news this morning is that the office of the *New York Herald*, the organ of the Democratic Party and the late Government, has been attacked, and has been put under a strong guard to protect it from the mob.

For a time Lincoln did not make clear to the country the true issues in the contest—any more perhaps than did Mr. Wilson in his first years of office.

It is evident from the next extract, which recalls recent scenes in England, that the true issues in the contest had become clearer to the country:—

June 10th, 1861.

I hear that Mrs. H. speaks about my "enthusiasm about the American

troops." I detect the innuendo. She refers, I suppose, to what I said about having seen off the regiment at the railway station. Tell her that you may be quite true to your country, and still feel your heart stirred . . . and feel great sympathy with men who are going to probable death—and that voluntarily—in the cause of liberty and humanity, the best cause that ever made men fight. These men are not the automaton of a review. Thousands of them have left their New England fields to fight what they feel to be a barbarous attempt to form a Government whose acknowledged aim is to plant slavery as a basis of Society. These men know what they are fighting for by a sort of instinct, and they go to fight of their own free will. We have had a camp of a Massachusetts company on the slopes below. The Captain is a Methodist Minister! E. has given them the right to use the spring. We hear their bugles in the morning, and the singing of their evening hymn. We don't believe that the English Government will acknowledge the Confederacy. It was splendid of M. to write to Mr. Gladstone. And two sheets of polite response!"

Lincoln, after his inauguration in March, passed through Philadelphia on his way to Washington. These are the writer's impressions at the time. She was becoming conscious, with all those about her, that the "Rail splitter" was a born statesman, ready to meet a great emergency.

Dec. 8th, 1861.

. . . dined with us on Thursday. We had music after dinner. The two R.s sang the curious negro hymn which the Massachusetts regiments have sung while marching, beginning:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul is marching on.  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"

It goes with a great swing, and the meaning of the words seems to grow as you sing them.

It pictures, too, the concourse ever moving southward. Oh, there is no need to despair, dearest mother, about the meaning of the struggle! The end of the abomination of slavery is drawing nearer day by day. No one can doubt it, no one helps seeing it; nothing can stop it now. Every day the resolve to clear off the great curse grows stronger. Last year, my partner at a dance said "Pray do not call yourself an abolitionist! You cannot know what it means." . . . Mr. —, who has just come back from England, says his feeling is quite changed. While he was away he felt despair as to the success of the North. But since he has known the spirit here, he doubts no more.

Among the Quakers there were many "Conscientious Objectors." But many others obeyed what they thought was a higher call:—

*April, 1863.*

Mr. T. K. as we walked home from the pine wood, where we went to gather violets—lovely tall creatures without scent, but of a heavenly color—told me that there was great enthusiasm among the young Quakers. Almost without exception they had taken up arms; in most cases with the full consent of their parents. Some men look on this war as a religious movement; a crusade against a wrong done to humanity.

By 1863 the whole nation felt that it had espoused a great cause, and possessed a worthy leader, one whose perfect honesty did not prevent his meeting difficulties with an adroit diplomatic touch:—

*No date. 1863.*

Everyone agrees about the President and his last message. There is a steady growing confidence in him. The truthfulness of his character shows itself in every word and act. How he manages all the violent difficulties of party feeling in Washington is wonderful. He is torn by deputations, "to stand by the Con-

stitution"; by others, "to revise it"; and by others, "to throw it to the dogs"! A deputation of Abolitionists waited on him the other day. They pressed on him a scheme of immediate emancipation. He listened to them, and said: "Gentlemen, all you say is very interesting—very true. I agree with you. But you are just six weeks ahead of me."

In these extracts the writer records some conversations her brother-in-law had with the President:—

*March, 1864.*

E. has returned from Washington. He has had most interesting talks with the President about present affairs. The President seemed pleased to talk about England. He said he believed England would do right with regard to the South, that the Democratic-Bubble-Bursting party was comparatively small, that the great mass of the English people, those that bear the national character, as it were, are strong enough to overcome the Manchester cotton spirit. The President told E. that he believed there was a strong union party in many of the Southern States—even in South Carolina. I have just seen a humming bird, the brightest, loveliest of flitting creatures!

E. told a story about a great case—I ought to remember the name, but I don't—in which Lincoln was retained. It was years before he was nominated President. The story was told to E. when he was in Washington by another lawyer also retained in the case, and on the same side. The fee which Lincoln had obtained in the case enabled him to contest the State against Douglas for the Senatorship, and the speeches he made at that time gave him fame, and eventually caused his nomination. Strangely enough Mr. Stanton, the present Secretary of War, and Mr. Seward, were his colleagues in the case. When they met for consultation before they went down to the Court the two were rather aghast at the appearance of the huge, uncouth Illinois man, and when

Lincoln said, "Well, gentlemen, shall we go down in a gang?" Seward said to Stanton, "I don't want to go down in his gang. Let us go down by ourselves." But you see they were destined to go in his gang!

The writer's visit to Washington was in 1864, where she had many opportunities of meeting the chief political leaders, and where it was her privilege to have an interesting talk with the President:—

Willard's Hotel, Washington.

*Feb., 1864.*

Washington is the center of political life, and Willard's is the center of Washington, whence come the rumors and epidemics of excitement. Here are many families of Senators and Members of Congress during the Session. Then it is the daily resort of generals, and other officers, contractors, politicians, even *poets*, for Walt Whitman, with his long hair on his shoulders, is here. . . . There is always somebody of importance to be pointed out as you go up and down stairs. On the first floor runs a wide passage, or corridor, from one end of the building to the other, always crowded with men, men, men. Men of all kinds, who congregate here to hear the last news from the front. Here spring the rumors thick and pervading as the fumes of tobacco, which find their way into every room. An atmosphere of excitement is everywhere, and everything articulate or silent carries one's thoughts to the battlefield—which is not far off.

One evening we dined at the Secretary of State's. It was a French dinner with numberless courses, though one could not but be struck with certain touches of dignified simplicity about the house (of the same feeling, I suppose, as makes Mrs. Seward wear no hoops, and a flat topped bonnet). The table was very elegant with old silver and glass. At either end of the table were huge silver "ice pitchers," and most of the dishes were silver. I

sat next to Mr. Fred Seward, and at Mr. Seward's end of the table. There was very animated talk about the new currency, about the National Bank, and the Army payments. Mr. Seward, eating innumerable olives as he talked, spoke with great energy and decision—with his rather remarkable profile he looked something like a huge bird. A Mr. Morrell, who was the exponent of some system of protection, talked a good deal about the people in the Western States having been reduced to a state of barter, for want of currency.

All today we have spent seeing the great buildings, the making of the "greenback" money—it seemed to be made very easily; the camps, hearing and seeing every moment things suggesting the war, and the thousand interests connected with it; meeting a regiment on the march, or a company of contrabands, men, women, and children, with their black, weary faces, on their way to the Contraband Camp. Here and there we saw a huge black sign, "*Dr. —, Embalmer of the Dead.*"

We have visited the Capitol, its immense white dome shining like an iceberg through the trees. You reach it by great flights of steps, with here and there a statue to cheer the rather steep ascent—the Indian and the white man in attitudes more satisfactory to the white man than the Indian. It is "*Low the poor Indian*" indeed. You pass down long corridors and passages, and enter the gallery of the Senate. In the House of Representatives fortune favored us with the most momentous debate of the Session, they say: Valandigham on one side, and Bingham on the Government side. V. is secessionist of the darkest dye. Mr. Bingham's speech aroused great feeling. He dined with us afterwards, and we talked of Ruskin, and Mr. Carlyle, and he had much to say about Aunt Mary—Howitt—whom he greatly admires. We went into the Supreme Court with its row of black-robed judges—the only official costume in the length and breadth of this great

land. The Chief Justice, I think it was, who descended from his height, and chatted with Mr. M. We went to the levée yesterday. As the President sent you a special message I must not delay in telling you about it. It was at one o'clock, an hour for bonnets and morning dress. The entrance to the White House was thronged with carriages. We passed through the great hall, and to an anteroom filled with elegantly dressed people. The air was pleasant with the scent of flowers. People stood in groups, talking. In the Blue Room beyond, the President stood receiving the stream that flowed towards him, and thence passed into the great East Room and so out. While the others were busy talking to a number of their friends I watched the President. He shook hands and bowed, only occasionally speaking to someone he knew, or chose to distinguish by his notice. Sometimes he answered a remark made to him. But it was generally, "Good morning, Mrs. Jones." "Mr. Smith, how do you do?" (You see how carefully I write this that you may note the pleasing difference of your daughter's reception!) "Miss —, of England." "Ah," said the President, and he stooped his great height to look into my face. He looked so kind that I forgot to be frightened. I forgot what he first talked of. Then I blurted out, "Mr. Lincoln, may I tell you how earnestly my people at home are with you in heart and soul, especially since the first of January." "I am very glad to hear it; very glad, though I may not know them personally. That is one of the evils of being so far apart. We have a good deal of salt water between us. When you feel kindly towards us we cannot, unfortunately, be always aware of it. But it cuts both ways. When you, in England, are cross with us, we don't feel it quite so badly." He smiled as he said this, and then he went on quite gravely, "I wish England were nearer, and in full understanding with us." Colonel Davies said something about my having

been unhappy over the *Trent* matter, and the prospect of war between England and the United States. Mr. Lincoln said that he thought there were three parties in England, an aristocratic party, which will not be sorry to see the Republic break up, a class allied to the South through trade relations, and a third, larger, or if not larger, of more import, which sympathizes warmly with the cause of the North." He turned to me again, and took my hand in his—it *was* a large hand!—and said with great kindness, "Tell your friends in England this, and tell them I am obliged to them for their good wishes. It is pleasant to have good wishes, and," he added, smiling, "I take it there will be no war." That was all. We courtseyed and shook hands with Mrs. Lincoln. She was dressed in black velvet, black gloves and fan, in mourning for her little boy, who died in the summer. We stood not far from the President for some time, and I watched him with all my eyes. He was dressed in a black long coat that seemed to hang on him. He wore his collar turned down, showing his throat—the reverse of the Gladstone habit. He held one of his black gloves in his hand, and beat it slowly against the other while he was speaking. I could hear all he said. He did not look grand or aristocratic, or even like a very cultivated man, but you knew he was *great*. One felt that he said what he meant to say, neither more nor less. He used very good words, and he half-smiled now and then, like a person who *hears* that what he is saying is good, and a little enjoys it. But when he was silent his face instantly assumed an anxious, careworn expression. But he did not look perplexed. I felt he *was* the man who had written the "Inaugural," and that he was the only man who could have done it.

On the staircase was a boy of about twelve who was doing his best to upset the gravity of the servants handing up the guests, and playing pranks. Mrs. M. spoke to him and he replied politely, and behaved at once with

the dignity and propriety proper in the son of a President. I think they called him Thad.

April 17th, 1865.

On Saturday afternoon I drove into town to post the English letter at the General Post Office. As we entered the city, all fluttering with flags for the late victories, the streets were full of silent crowds standing or moving to and fro, the press growing denser as we neared the State House. I had to leave the carriage to wait for me in a side street, and make my way for a short distance on foot. As I stood having my letter weighed and stamped a strange sound outside made the groups of persons in the office, and me with them, run to the door, where, from the high flight of steps we looked down on the crowd stretching down the street. I had never heard such a sound before. It was hoarse, and like a long growl. There was a movement in the crowd, a group of policemen were vigorously defending with their clubs three men, evidently the objects of the anger of the crowd. I could see the pale, terrified faces of the three men. The crowd were bent on lynching them. Men shouted that they were Secesh sympathizers. They had shouted *sic semper tyrannus*, when the news came that the President had expired.

The P. O. clerks came and called us in and the great doors were hastily shut. I had to make my way, led by a civil clerk, through the back buildings and yards to the carriage. The sunshine seemed dimmed by the horrible glimpse I had had of strange passions. We had to drive slowly through the crowded streets. At all the churches which we passed, the doors were open, and one could catch sight of the people kneeling. I stopped at Trinity Church. The church was crowded from wall to wall, and the Litany was being said by Mr. Phillips Brooks. His rapid utterances—a sort of passionate energy

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of utterance—and the sense of universal sorrow made the familiar words seem to have a new meaning. Many near me were weeping. One knew that the whole land, from ocean to ocean, was stirred and lifted by a great sorrow. On a step near the church was a poor black woman sitting with a little child beside her and one in her arms. She rocked herself to and fro and repeated the words, "Massa Lincoln dead! Massa Lincoln dead!" . . . Those few hours from Friday night to Saturday evening passed as if under a spell. The glory of spring was over all, the dogwoods were shining with their milk-white blossoms, the Judas trees and the sassafras were purple and cold, and the magnolias were opening, but all the spring glory seemed hushed and made solemn by the thought of the President. A shock of wonder and remorse has come, and a passionate acknowledgment of what we owe him.

The eyes of all did, indeed, seem to be opened to what they had been slow to perceive. They saw how Lincoln, always showing the way, by a sort of divine intelligence, had led the country through the dangers of a revolution to a new life. The whole nation recognized the light of a great soul. The youthful writer of these letters shared in that great experience. Often, looking back during the last two years after an interval of more than half a century, and watching the mysterious unfolding of events here and in the United States, she has felt as if she were passing through the same experiences as were hers when, as a girl, she visited America. There were then, as lately have been here, uncertainty and momentous swaying of opinion to and fro, slowly growing enlightenment, and, at last, the clear and final purpose ensuring victory.

Agnes Macdonell.



## UNPRACTICAL.

You never come to yourself until you love some other body. At least that was the way with Herbert Layard. He was the son of General Layard, who had been in the Indian Army under John Company, and had been pensioned, and he now lived in a house with two bulging bow windows which sat in its little garden on the ridge which overlooks the town of Somerville. The General was a man with an uncompromising backbone, and a peremptory manner. Herbert seemed to have no backbone, and never contradicted anybody. Indeed, he saw no reason to contradict, for he didn't have any opinions of his own. "He might," as some of the girls of Somerville said, "have been good-looking if he hadn't been so awkward." But certainly he had a difficulty in disposing of his hands. At one instant he thought his trouser pockets was the right place for them, but the next minute he had them out of these lairs, knowing that to have them there was vulgar—and then what to do with them was the problem. But even his feet seemed to trouble him. He knew they were large, and used to try to tuck them away under his chair, or coil his leg round the less diffident mahogany leg of the sofa he was sitting on. But even that was not a position of stable equilibrium.

His tongue was as much in the way as his hands and feet. He never knew what to say to anyone, and when he did venture on a remark he withdrew it the next minute, or qualified it out of existence.

He went to school, but he hated it. He didn't like playing games, and the cricket field and the football ground were as distasteful to him as the schoolroom. Some of the boys tried to make friends with the shy lump of a

boy, but although they were well-meaning little chaps, they did not succeed, and he went mooning through the school, learning something, but obtaining no distinction, and went to the university, where he continued his shambling career. Here again he failed to make friends, although some men approached him with the hand of friendship. He refused the partnership because in his diffidence he felt he had nothing to bring into the firm. That was one of his faults. He was too meek and humble. You never met a man who really had, in these days, so poor an opinion of himself as Herbert Layard. It was pity, and not love, it would seem that made Amy Frere—who lived in another house in the terrace, as the houses on the ridge were called, and who was the daughter of Dr. Frere, who brought as many people into the world as he sent out of it—smile on him and try to "draw him out." But although it was a pretty smile, and was pivoted on a little pink dimple, it made Herbert feel hot all over, and just as a snail draws back its glossiness into its yellow and black pagoda if you try to stroke it, so Herbert Layard drew back into his glum crust of silence when the smile came to him, and the words which came with it which would have encouraged all but a curmudgeon.

Perhaps all this impenetrable shyness was due to the fact that Herbert had lost his mother when he was only three, and that his father had never taken to the "Ninny," as he called him, and the General's firm opinion of his son seemed to have been accepted by the boy as the truth; indeed I am far from certain that in these days Herbert Layard had not a lower opinion of himself than even the

General had; which was a misfortune, for a good opinion of one's self is the only armor in this world of rubs and wars for a quivering spirit.

A time came when after creeping out of the university by the low door of a "pass" degree, he had to make up his mind on a profession, and he had a stormy interview with the General on the subject. It was in the General's room, which was almost, as to half of it, in the bow window, looking out over the smoke—gentle hearth-smoke, and not manufacturing blacknesses—of Somerville; and it would be quite wrong to describe it as a stormy interview if it takes two to make a storm. But it doesn't. The wind makes the storm, and lashes the patient trees. So on that occasion the General did all the blustering. He called his son all the names that his fertile memory could think of. Said he was a disgrace, that he wasn't half a man, that he had wasted his time at the university, and never would do a day's good work in his life, and then ended by asking him, what the devil he meant to do for a living?

Herbert really had had innumerable dreams of what he would like to do with his life—indeed, that was one of his faults; he dreamed too much and thought too little—for the worst of dreams is that they are *cul de sacs*, and lead nowhere—and he never thought of advancing one of his dreams of what might be, as a practical suggestion. So he stood there, not saying "what the devil he meant to do for a living." "A living," indeed, had scarcely entered into his unpractical thoughts—what had entered into them was a "life," and that is quite a different thing from a living.

"Well," said the General, with words which were red hot, "you don't think you're going on idling here, do you? What are you going to be, a

poet?" he asked on the back of a mocking laugh.

"Poetry doesn't pay," said Herbert.

"Well, what then?"

"I don't know that I'm fit for very much."

"That's true enough," said his father, again with a curled lip—and then he added, "Well, if you can't make up your mind, or haven't a mind to make up, I'll have to choose for you. You must go into the Army. Do you hear? It was my profession. It's the profession of a gentleman—and I'm damned if you're fit for anything else."

It was in this way that his "walk" or "march" in life was determined upon. He was not an ideal officer, and his messmates used to laugh at him; because he was shy, and more because it was reported that he wrote poetry. The Army in time of peace may be a cradle of dreams, but in war time it must be a springing-off board for acts. To think long before you act is a good prescription for the spacious piping times; to act first and think afterwards is the only panacea for war. But while Herbert Layard was slow, his Colonel said he was "sure," and some of his brother officers had come to the conclusion that he was one of those men who are in a blue funk before the strain comes, and red-hot metal when the actual brunt of the day occurs.

But he had joined just before the war, and went out with the dribbling expeditionary force to Flanders, while the War Office, which ought to have been conducting the war, set itself to creating an army, and had been at that synthetic operation with attestations, married men, and military service bills ever since.

But although he was in the trenches, and face to face with the realities of a somewhat staggering and shattering sort, he still had his dreams, and put

some of them down on paper—or "wrote poetry," as a brother officer laughed, "even in a dug-out."

But he excused himself at mess when they collectively laughed at him, by saying that there were such lots of incidents that were too little for History, but were worth keeping—by History's handmaiden, Poetry. And so he said he tried to catch a fly in his ink, which might become a fly in amber in time. His messmates thought Layard was going "off," but with the view to laughter, which comes from the pulling of legs, they encouraged him to go on, and as it was in the direction of his dreams, he did.

"Just think," he said, "of the paragraph in the newspapers—which, of course, people read and forget—of the French officer who was up in the church tower, which had been made an observation post. He had from time to time sent messages as to the Germans' movement through the wires. But at last it came to the attack—the enemy's success—the ominous footfalls on the stair. He heard the Germans tramping up the stone steps of the church tower, and sent his last message to the French lines—

"They are on the stairs, I have my revolver all right. When you hear the shot through the telephone you'll know they are here and after that don't believe a word that the wire says."

"Then there was a shot!"

"I don't call that poetry," said Cox, a subaltern. "It's damned fine, and no mistake. But it's magnificent fact."

"Yes," said the dreamer, "magnificent fact is poetry. Only a few days ago a French officer asked which of his men would go with him—it was just before the attack on Verdun—on a perilous mission. He wanted six men to volunteer, and asked those that were willing to hold up their hands.

Twenty men took their courage in their hand, after that ominous invitation, and held up their hands. 'I can't take you all,' he said. 'I only want six. Will the men whose name begins with "B" step out.' Six heroes stepped out. They went, but not one of the seven ever returned."

"It is a first-rate story," said the Major, who had a mustache which took a good deal of finger attention. "But what we want is men that will do like these chaps with the 'B'; what's the good of turning it into hexameters? Not that I know what hexameters are now, for I have forgotten."

"Well," said Layard, "a good story of heroism is the best of poetry."

"Tell us another yarn," said Cox, the youngster who was smoking more cigarettes than was good for him.

"We haven't so many stories of our own," said Layard, with his hesitating speech, but the very hesitation seemed to make it emphatic in that wooden room where the guns of the enemy were playing their great tune, and even bullets were singing sharply through the air. "But just remember how horrid war is. Only two days ago in a trench they picked up two dead men. One was a Frenchman, and the other a Boche. They had died in each other's arms, so to speak. But it was not love, but hate that had been in their last fatal grip. The Frenchman's fingers were not *on* but *in* the German's throat. They had in that death-grip gone into the fat neck and clutched the flesh as the talons of an eagle might. Why, it took the doctors ten minutes to undo that corpse grip upon the fat throat. In their deaths they were not divided."

"Oh, damn it, that's not poetry, is it?"

"No," said Layard, "perhaps not, but it's close to it, for poetry may be got at either through love or hate.

But you remember the case when the French had to advance and lie flat? So level was the place that there was not cover for a mouse. The General told his men to lie down and to put their knapsacks before them as a feeble sort of parapet to conceal them from the enemy. Then when he had seen them take this meagre cover, he went down on his own stomach, and was sorry it was so much in evidence, but he made himself as flat as nature would let him, and lay there. But just then one of his men from a row or two behind him brought him his own knapsack and said, 'You take it. It won't matter if I am hit, but it would matter to us all if you were killed,' and then he went back to his place, leaving his knapsack, even with the letters from home in it, as a sort of bastion for the General. Isn't that poetry?"

"No; it's a damned deal better than any poetry I ever read," said Captain Grant, a Scotchman, who thought there had only been one poet in the world—Burns—and he wrote "Auld Lang Syne," and that, when he heard it at the front, made him "cry."

"Well," said the Colonel, "you chaps, I'm going to turn in. We'll have some warm work tomorrow if all this booming means anything; and they don't send shells for nothing, d—n them."

It was the next day that in the usual way the Germans, who knew that there were no omelets without breaking of eggs and no victory without cracking of battalions, after their preparatory artillery duel, came on wave upon wave, like Atlantic rollers. Then our guns did as well as they could with their shortage of shells. The aim was excellent, indeed, the gunners were told to go slow. But when you have to stand up to ten shells, and can return these d—d compliments, as the Major said, with one for every ten, it is not a "moralizing" thing for the troops.

Still they stood the onslaught like some of the western rock coasts of their own island when the Atlantic does its worst.

On the tide came—then it fell back, withered as it were; but another great wave came on and swept over our trenches. It was then that Cox, the subaltern who the night before had said Layard's story was not poetry, made some poetry. There was a wounded soldier in front of the trench, and a German coming on in his long coat pointed a dripping bayonet, which had already done murderous work, at the wounded man's chest. But Cox was, contrary to all rule and in defiance of all prudence, on the parapet, and in three steps had his sword clashing on the Germans' rifle—and when the man turned on him he fought with his sword against the gray man's bayonet, and with a deft stroke brought his enemy to the ground. But in falling the man gave the youth a bayonet wound in the chest, and the poor boy fell over the body of the soldier he had tried to save.

Then it was that Herbert Layard, whose heart had been in his boots, who had had in him what his brother officers called a "blue funk," took fire. The enemy were still coming on. It was madness, as all his fellows said, but he got out over the sandbags and made his way to Cox. The bullets were, or seemed to be, as thick as hailstones. But he raised the lad and dragged him back to the trench, for Cox had fainted. Layard's hot fit was over, and he wondered how he ever had the courage to do it, and why he was not a dead man. It was in the few remaining minutes they had the trench before the final wave broke over it, that he heard his fellows say—

"Damn it, if you call that poetry, I like it."

"It was sheer madness, but you have saved Cox's life."

"What devil tempted you to do such a rash thing? Still, it came off, and now we must get out of this."

It was in the getting out of that that they lost most of their men and officers, and at the end of the masterly retreat (all retreats are masterly, and all defeats inflict enormous losses on the enemy) that Herbert Layard was wounded by a bursting shell, and that night he lay with a bloody bandage round his head and a splint on a broken leg in the hospital. But he knew none of these things, for he was unconscious. Nature's chloroform had mercifully introduced him into a world of dreams, which knows nothing of a bullet in the head or a broken leg.

Indeed, the doctors seemed to think that it was only the dim vestibule to the darker place beyond, from which there is no return. But there were many who now took an interest in the ungainly lieutenant. Cox, himself in hospital with his bayonet wound, sent to ask for him. The Colonel in one of his few odd moments came and asked for "his poet," as he called him. And the Major, still busy with his mustache which had an upward twirl as fierce as the Kaiser's, came to see him. He was indeed allowed to go into the ward, "smelling of carbolic," to see the shattered man who was there—and yet not there; and was struck by the beauty of one of the nurses. He heard her addressed as "Nurse Frere," and in order to make conversation he said—

"Nurse, I hope you'll take good care of him, and pull him through. I tell you he's a great, big baby of a hero, that's what he is. We can't afford to lose Layard."

"No, sir," said the nurse. "I'll do my best. I knew him in his old home."

"Oh," said the Major, giving the end of his mustache a further cock at the pole star. "You did? Where was his old home?"

"At Somerville, sir."

"Oh, I see," said the Major, for Nurse Frere had made confession in her face, and confession that made her look even prettier than she did before.

And he went away. He sighed as he left the hospital and forgot to turn up a drooping end to the zenith, but said to himself—

"Well, he deserves her, poet or no poet."

But the long, dark lane of his unconsciousness seemed to have no turning. He was living, but ever since the day of the retreat he had known no more of this world than the dead. The doctor still thought that he would just slip out of the tunnel into the dark. But he was wrong. There was a small white hole at the end of the tunnel, and one day he opened his eyes, and the light made him shut them again. But the lids filtered the light and he saw through them the dim glow of the day stained pink by the blood in the lids, and when the eyes had got accustomed to that curtained light, he opened them again, and the first thing he saw was Nurse Frere. Amy Frere. No! He shut his eyes again. That was a hospital nurse. But it was very like her. Then he remembered and the remembrance made him feel not as he had done in those old days at Somerville. But it couldn't be Amy. Why, he was at the front. He had helped a poor devil when a German with his bayonet went for him. He remembered that. He got back to the trench. Then he remembered the retreat, when all his cold terror—which had been nowhere when he blazed out of the trench to help Cox—had come back to him. Then there was a shell close to him. And then the night fell!

He would look again. He even tried with long unaccustomed lips to speak, but only a whisper came.

"Amy!"

"Yes," she answered, "I'm here."

*Guy Fleming.*



## POETRY AND SHOPKEEPING.

Our English Muse is the eldest of the European choir. Mistress of epic and romance, of ballad and legendary tale, she reigned a thousand years an island queen before her greatest son, Shakespeare, conquered the world and placed the imperial sceptre in her hand. That was three centuries ago, and she lives today as fertile, as tuneful, and as young as ever.

Her glory and her perennial youth are but the expression of the enduring soundness of the English spirit. Other peoples call us a practical race, a nation of shopkeepers; and they are right. Since the day when Drake put a girdle round the globe with his English keel, we have laid our hands upon this planet and moulded it like plastic clay. It was Englishmen who initiated that commercial expansion of Europe, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which made the oceans a highway and the world an intelligible whole; it was Englishmen who set on foot and carried through that industrial revolution which caught the spinning earth in a network of steel lines of communication, and swung it forward on its path with marvelous and sudden impetus; it was Englishmen, again, who worked out the laws and methods of democratic government, of which more than a quarter of mankind are now heirs, if not yet inheritors, by right of birth. But we could never have accomplished all these things, had there not been poetry at our heart. It was no accident that Cregy and Poitiers were fought in Chaucer's lifetime, that Drake and Raleigh were contemporaries of Marlowe and Shakespeare, that Milton was Cromwell's foreign secretary, that Blake and Wordsworth and Shelley lived and wrote while Wellington stemmed and finally broke the onslaught of Napoleon upon the

liberties of the world. By the foreigner, envious of our success though he has always in the long run benefited by it, the spectacle of British development can only be explained on some theory of hypocrisy and cunning in the race expressing themselves in a crafty diplomacy, which has centuries of experience behind it. By the average Englishman, when he thinks of it at all, which is but seldom, our success is attributed to a happy combination of commercial enterprise with maritime supremacy. To use the words that Richard Steele put into the mouth of Sir Andrew Freeport (note the name) in the pages of *The Spectator*, two centuries ago, "The sea is the British Common," and "it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry." Yet the real secret of it all is missed by both foreigner and Englishman. It lies in the seeming paradox that the most practical of modern peoples has produced the greatest dramatists, novelists, and poets of the modern world.

The fact is indisputable; that it should appear paradoxical is due to an entirely false antithesis between poetry and practical affairs, between literature and life. It is not thus that the poets themselves think of poetry. "Of all Sciences," writes Sir Philip Sidney, "is our Poet the Monarch"; "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," says Wordsworth; Shelley tells us that "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world"; and Shakespeare defines the end of his art as being "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Science, or the knowledge of man and

nature; law, or the discovery of the principles upon which society should be based; conduct, or the manner in which individuals behave one to another—are not these practical affairs, things indeed upon which we English people most particularly pride ourselves? And yet here is a pack of poets claiming to be supreme in all three! Do they overstate the case? On the contrary, they understate it. Poetry, for example, is also the spur and sanctification of all high endeavor. Read the epical "Battle of Maldon," written to celebrate a fight in 991 A.D. by a small but indomitable band of English against an overwhelming number of Danish invaders; think of the conqueror of Canada, the shadow of death across his path, reciting Gray's "Elegy" on the eve of victory; or picture Sir Ernest Shackleton reading Browning to his fellows in the white silence of the Antarctic, because (as he puts it) "it is we pioneers who love poetry" and "Browning was always egging us on to face difficulties,"—and you get a glimpse of what English poetry has meant to Englishmen of action at three widely separated glowing moments in our history. Nor shall we ever know how many English lads were prepared by the sublime stoicism of Meredith's verse for the horror and endurance of the trenches. Indeed, it would almost seem as if all his work—surely the greatest product of any single English mind in the nineteenth century—with its passion for democracy, its European outlook and intensely English basis, its hatred of sentimentalism and egoism, its courageous insistence upon man's individual responsibility, its clear-eyed vision and the silvery laughter of its Comic Muse, its splendid optimism combined with a relentless facing of the facts, and finally its marvelous sense of nationality and of the significance of nationality in the modern world, had been written

with the express purpose of educating and invigorating his own people for the greatest crisis in its history, a crisis he never himself lived to see, though he foresaw it clearly enough, as those who read his "Letters" will find.

There is in truth no surer indication of the health and vigor of a nation than its literature. There is no other mirror which reflects so accurately the character and tendencies of an epoch. A people's songs are the sublimation of its spirit, the flame upon its altar, the crown of its achievement, the blossom of its flowing sap steeped in the light and drenched in the dew of heaven. To set literature over against life, to divorce poetry from practical affairs, is as impossible as to distinguish between speech and thought; for literature *is* life, life in its most intense and articulate form, and the poet, which means the maker, is the supreme man of practical affairs, since in expressing the spirit of the nation he mobilizes it, and without the mobilization of the forces of the spirit, the work of the men of action is fruitless—nay, it cannot even come into being.

But what of the merchants and manufacturers who have played so large a part in our development? Are they patrons or lovers of poetry? They are not, and the fact points to a weak spot in our imperial panoply, which we must return to at a later stage of this inquiry. Yet can we not say that Sir Andrew Freeport and Sir Andrew Undershaft have the root of the matter in them, however unconscious they may be of the fact? Carlyle, at least, thought so:

The English are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. And yet consider how the element of Shakespearean melody does lie imprisoned in their nature.

Or again:

O, Mr. Bull, I look in that surly face of thine with a mixture of pity and laughter, yet also with wonder and veneration. . . . Thou art of those great ones whose very greatness the small passer-by does not discern. Thy very stupidity is wiser than their wisdom. A grand *vis inertiae* is in thee; how many grand qualities unknown to small men! Nature alone knows thee, acknowledging the bulk and strength of thee: thy Epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this planet—sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets, and cities, Indian Empires, Americas, New Hollands; legible throughout the Solar System!

English literature exists to disprove the statement that we are a dumb people, but our men of action are taciturn enough, taciturn as only the great Russians among continental men of action have been taciturn. And this because they act not upon theory, which is capable of intellectual formulation, but upon some deep-seated instinct which they can themselves hardly understand, because the motive and impulse which drive them on are as profound and broad as life itself, and so can only be apprehended and articulated by those rare souls who not only see life as a whole, but also tell us what they see, that is to say by great poets. Pope said of Shakespeare that "he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him." The same is true in a lesser degree of almost all our great poets; it is indeed a peculiar feature of our literature, and constitutes a large element of what the critics have labeled "romanticism." Thus the poets and the men of action have been co-operators in the same task, moved by the same inscrutable impetus of blood and spirit, and fashioned out of the same stuff—"such stuff as dreams

are made on." And when Carlyle speaks of the British Empire, and all that it stands for in politics, commerce, and industry, as an epic, he is employing no idle metaphor. We did not design it, we never consciously desired it, and now it is ours we are ready to acknowledge that we have not deserved it. If, as Shelley says, "poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration, the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present," that is equally true of the men from whose hearts and under whose hands the Empire grew. They builded wiser than they knew, they were "the instruments of Nature," and the result is an epic, not of the conscious Miltonic type, but of the order of those mediæval or old English epical folk-cycles, which were the product of generations of unknown makers.

Yes, unknown, for in speaking of the captains of commerce and industry, we must not forget the rank and file. There is Bottom the weaver, stammering, loyal-hearted, versatile Bottom. Give him scope, and he will play Erebus rarely. Nay, does he not even now bear the world upon his shoulders? Clever little foreign Pucks may set the ass's head upon him and ridicule his stupidity, but, though the smoky factory town today claims his life and shuts in his horizon, there was a time when he slept in the arms of the fairy-queen herself, a time he has not altogether forgotten. He is a dreamer, too, and more conscious of the fact in our time than ever before. What he dreams he cannot exactly tell us, for he is in the main inarticulate; but he calls it "Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom." It is a dream of fellowship, broad as the human race and deep as the human spirit, and so in very truth inexhaustible, unfathomable. His first need is to have it expressed, in such terms

that both he and others will be able to understand it. "I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream," he says to himself; but Peter Quince is a rare occurrence in our literature, and the ballad is still to write.

Thus the ballad of the bottom-dog, like the epic of enterprise and empire, remains unsung, and the whole commonwealth is the poorer for it. A literature which leaves large areas of the national activity and aspiration unexpressed is in danger of becoming narrow, esoteric, unhealthy. Areas of activity and aspiration unlit by the cleansing sun of art, untended by the loving consideration of the poet, will be dungeons for the national spirit, mildewed cellars in which rats fight, misers hoard their gold, and Guy Fawkes lays his train to blow the superstructure sky-high. The poetry at our heart has done great things for us, but if we would keep our task sweet and our minds sane, we need more poetry on our lips, and poetry of a kind which speaks out of the heart's fullness.

If all this be true, if it be granted  
The Athenaeum.

that "in nothing is England so great as in her literature," that the work of the general, the merchant adventurer, and the artisan is fruitless without the work of the spirit's spokesman who is the man of letters, that in fact English conquests are impossible unless the minstrels are with us, there needs no apology for an attempt to take stock of the possibilities of English literature, at a time when England more unmistakably than ever before marches in the vanguard of the nations; when we her sons stand silhouetted, as it were, against the blaze of a flaming world, on the most awful and the most sublime watershed in all history; when our cause, say the enemy or traitors within our camp what they will, is untainted by any suspicion of materialism, and is indeed nothing less than the holy cause of the human spirit itself. For good or ill we, the British race, are the heart of that New World which will rise like phoenix from these present ashes. Never had the English Muse a greater opportunity, a weightier responsibility; for she is the heart of this heart.

Muezzin.

## FAMINE.

In the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* famines are divided into those which are due to natural and those which are due to artificial causes. "The artificial causes of famine," we are told in secure and sleepy sentences, "have mostly ceased to be operative on any large scale. Chief among them is war, which may cause a shortage of food supplies either by its direct ravages or by depleting the supply of agricultural labor. But only local famines are likely to arise from this cause. . . . Such local famines as may occur in the twentieth century will probably be

attributable to natural causes." There is a certain crooked pleasure in reading too optimistic prophecies in the light of events. They have the startling effect of a paradox. In the same decade in which the last edition of the *Encyclopædia* was published we find ourselves threatened with a famine in the bringing on of which natural and artificial causes have conspired, and so far from being local it seems likely to affect the entire civilized world. Civilization has so far meant easy bread. Civilization, someone has said, is transportation. The nation which possesses ships and money has, in time

of peace, no need to fear unduly dearth within its border. Russia, indeed, experienced an appalling famine as recently as 1905; but Russia suffers under the worst transport system of any great country in Europe. England has not been threatened with anything like famine since the eighteenth century. It was the dearth in 1795 that incidentally put an end to the use of hair powder in this country, as it was considered against the national interests to use wheat for the manufacture of a mere luxury. Many of the measures proposed at that time are comparable to those which are being adopted in England today. Pitt urged that barley or other sorts of corn should be mixed with wheat in the making of bread. Members of the House of Commons pledged themselves to reduce by one-third the consumption of wheat in their houses. They also pledged themselves to eat no pastry. There is no parallel in these days, however, for the popular demonstration against the King and the Ministers at that time. King George III was hooted on his way to the opening of Parliament, and the mob surrounded St. James's Palace on his return, shouting out: "Peace, Peace! Bread, Bread! No Pitt; No Famine!" In Birmingham men were killed by the soldiers as they gathered round a bakehouse and called out: "A large loaf! Are we to be starved to death?" This was a famine produced by the weather no less than by the war. Until 1792 England was still a wheat-exporting country, but the French war had changed this, and in addition the rains and the cold of the summer of 1794 had ruined the home harvest. It is interesting to remember that the shortage of corn in England was at that time partly made up for by a violation of the rights of neutrals. Neutral ships carrying corn to France were brought in and compelled to sell

their cargoes in English ports. In 1796 the best wheat was being sold in England at six guineas a quarter—a considerably higher price than the 78s. of the present day. The highest famine price previously known in England was in 1661, when wheat was sold at 100s. a quarter.

It is safe to say that the average living Englishman has never until recently tried to realize what famine means. We hear of a famine in India in which hundreds of thousands perish of starvation, and we think, "How perfectly ghastly!" and perhaps subscribe to a fund; but most of us are far more deeply affected by such an event as the sinking of the *Titanic*. We might ourselves have been on the *Titanic*. But it is difficult to imagine ourselves into the skin of an Indian peasant. Apart from this, the scale of some of these Indian famines is too immense for the imagination. We hear, for instance, of a famine in Bengal in the year 1769 which destroyed ten million people, or one-third of the population. One million died of famine in 1866, one and a-half million in 1869, five millions in the famine which lasted from 1876 to 1878—a period during which the rice crop also failed in China and nine and a half million of her people died of starvation. The great Irish famine of the middle of the nineteenth century is the only catastrophe of comparable horror known in the modern history of Western Europe. More than seven hundred thousand people are estimated to have perished in it. They were found dying by the roadside, in the doorways along the streets, and leaning against the gates of the work-houses that were too crowded to give them admission. One realizes the dearth of the time best perhaps when one hears of poor peasants stealing into the fields and drawing blood from live bullocks to mix with a



little meal as their only food. It was unfortunate that there was no great writer to burn into the imagination of Europe the horrors of that time. How much one would give for an account of the great famine such as Edmund Spenser gave of an earlier famine brought by Elizabeth's wars to Ireland! "Out of every corner of the woods and glens," he wrote in a famous passage, "they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrion, happy when they could find them; yea, and one another soon after, inasmuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves." How few civilized Europeans can revert to cannibalism under the stress of famine we have no means of knowing; but we know that in 1316, during the siege of Carrickfergus, in the course of which they had even eaten hides, the English garrison killed eight Scotsmen whom they had taken prisoners and ate them. Parents had eaten their children during a famine in Italy during the fifth century, and in India during the tenth and eleventh centuries many people are said in their desperation to have turned cannibals.

One is appalled to realize how ordinary a phenomenon famine was in many European countries during the Middle Ages. In the eleventh century there were no fewer than forty-eight famine years in France. During the reign of Philip Augustus one year in every four saw his subjects dying of hunger. During the famine of 1195 (which lasted on into the following three years) people ate dead animals and roots, and grape-skins were a common substitute for bread. Pope Innocent III was able to discover a reason for this four years' famine. It was a punishment sent

from God, he said, because Philip Augustus had put away his lawful wife. It would have been a more effective punishment, one would have thought, if it had fallen on Philip Augustus himself rather than on poor peasants. The idea that famines are due to some wickedness on the part of the king is, as is generally known, a common pagan superstition. In the *Œdipus Tyrannus* it is the incest of Œdipus—indeliberate though it was—that brings famine and pestilence upon Thebes. It is an early instance of man's tendency to blame the Government. And perhaps there is just a little to be said for it. No government in the world can prevent the rain from falling, and no government in the world can be expected to feed its people during war-time as they are fed during peace-time. But governments can obviously do a great deal to mitigate famine or to intensify it. And, if the people lack bread, they do well to call their rulers to account. After all, there is no doubt that the popular unrest in the Hungry Forties resulted in the Repeal of the Corn Laws and in the cheapening of the food supply for the English poor. Politicians debate the question whether the working classes were ultimately better off as a consequence of the Repeal of the Corn Laws. But even the most heated partisan has to admit that the immediate consequence was that they were better fed. On the other hand, millions of the English poor have continued to be ill-fed to the present day. One could say with truth that there is always a famine in England, only that most of us remain unaffected by it. People may not be dying of starvation in the streets, but prolonged underfeeding leads to thousands of them dying in their beds before their time. It is improbable that, however short the food supply may become during the present summer, the com-

fortable classes will experience anything of the sufferings and injuries which are the habitual lot of thousands of the English poor. We simply cannot imagine those sufferings. We see the men in the most pauperized neighborhoods lounging with an air of satisfaction out of the doors of the four-ale bars, and we conclude that, as they are able to afford luxuries, all must be well with them. But it is hardly fair to count the beer and tobacco of the poor as luxuries. They certainly do not come out of a superfluity of wealth. They are purchased as substitutes for, not as additions to, necessities. Human nature is so constituted that there are certain luxuries which it finds more necessary than necessities themselves. In food the poor often turn to what gives them the sense of fulness more greedily than to what nourishes them most. That is why a shortage of potatoes is such a disaster to the poor. It leaves them with an empty feeling after they have dined. There is no sight more suggestive of the disaster of war in the poor home than those

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queues of weary women and children outside the greengrocers', especially in the mean streets. We are accustomed to jostle each other in the way in our impatience to see a great actress or even in order to get an early 'bus home. But we did not expect the fight for food to come out into the streets in this way, except during a strike. Even this, of course, signifies something far short of famine. We have not yet begun to eat elephant-steaks as they did during the siege of Paris. Cats and dogs can still walk the streets of London in safety. One hopes it may be so to the end. One hopes, too, that as a result of the alarm, the national imagination may be so touched with the sense of reality that steps may be taken to prevent famine ever again from approaching not only the doors of the nation at large, but the door of the poorest citizen. The king who wished every peasant to have a chicken in his pot wished well. Under popular government there ought to be a chance of putting his wish, once regarded as fantastic, into effect.

### THE SEPTIC PROBLEM IN WAR.

Of all the many varieties of wounds, with which surgery has to deal, incised, contused, lacerated, etc., the most dreaded one is the punctured variety. This is because the inflicting weapon is almost necessarily infected with pathogenic organisms, and because these organisms are therefore implanted in the depths of a long and narrow track, into which antiseptics can be made to penetrate only with considerable difficulty.

Of all punctured wounds those produced by gunshots are the most difficult to deal with. The reasons for this become obvious upon considera-

tion. The mere force of impact, in the first place, is an unusual and important feature. The energy in foot-tons of a projectile of known weight and velocity can easily be calculated, and it is to be remembered that this energy is concentrated upon a small area, with the result that the actual track of such a missile in human tissues is a tunnel the walls of which are *dead tissues*.

The importance of this fact in favoring bacterial growth is immense. Moreover, the tunnel is surrounded by a cylinder of tissue of which the constituent elements are bruised and

under the influence of local shock, so that their vitality and resisting power to bacterial invasion are reduced. If such a missile strikes hard bone, a high degree of shattering and splintering takes place, while portions of broken bone are driven into the surrounding muscles, sometimes lacerating important vessels and nerves, and even bursting through the skin, and forming a large opening known as an "explosive exit." Owing to the ballistic properties of the pointed bullet, which is now used by all countries, and which tends to turn over on its short axis on impact, the proportion of these severe wounds is somewhat greater than in previous campaigns.

Another difficulty in the case of gunshot injuries is their special liability to severe forms of septic infection in the circumstances of the present campaign. In South Africa military surgeons found that a large number of wounds, even when bone was involved, showed small wounds of entrance and exit, and, so far as infection was concerned, merely required cleaning and sealing to heal without trouble. This was in part due to the shape of the bullet and its tendency to traverse the tissues by a straight course without turning on its short axis. This meant small external openings, and therefore less liability to infection from them. But the chief cause of the immunity from infection was the comparative dryness of the country, and a soil for the most part uncontaminated by human occupation or cultivation.

The conditions in the European area of the present conflict are very different. The humidity of the climate is greatly in excess of that of South Africa, and intensive cultivation means copious manuring of the soil, so that most of the ground occupied by our troops is thoroughly sown with bac-

teria of faecal origin, which include, besides those ordinarily called pyogenic or pus-producing, the special germs of tetanus, malignant oedema, and gas gangrene. It is in ground thus infected that our soldiers sleep, take their food, and are occasionally buried alive. Their skin and clothes are plentifully smeared with bacterial mud, and it is no matter for surprise that when a bullet passes into their bodies it carries with it, and implants in all the interstices of a deep and complicated wound, the potentialities of a surgical catastrophe.

That the bullet is infected by passing through muddy skin or clothing, often carrying with it portions of the latter, seems fairly certain. Some wounds in South Africa became infected when the bullet passed through the mouth or any part of the alimentary tract, both highly infective regions of the body. The bullet itself, when fired, is probably a fairly clean body from a surgical point of view. The sides are cleaned by the friction of the rifle barrel, and the base is seared by the flame of the explosion. Nevertheless Col. La Garde's experiments have shown that if deliberately infected before firing, it can be shown to be still carrying infection after firing.

The problem, then, which was presented by gunshot injuries was how best to combat sepsis in punctured wounds of all varieties, complicated often by bone injury and severe lacerations of soft parts, the bacterial infection coming usually not from the wound openings, but being deeply implanted by the actual stroke of the bullet as it passed through the tissues. Obviously, the mere application of even the most efficient antiseptics to the parts about the external wounds will not meet such a case. The infection must be attacked in the depths of the tissues, preferably at a very early date after the receipt of the wound,

before the bacteria have time to multiply in the tissues. Moreover, practically all wounds of any depth must be dealt with thus. It would be bad surgery to wait until the infection was established, even though few signs of mischief appear at first. Accordingly it was soon recognized that the wound must be opened up, cleaned as far as possible, foreign bodies removed, and free exit provided for discharges by means of drainage tubes.

Some surgeons hoped that in a wound thus opened up, and thereby converted from a punctured to an incised type, it might be possible to remove the infection altogether, and here the advocates of the application of strong antiseptic solutions had their view. A mass infection can be completely destroyed by the application of, say, pure carbolic acid. At a very early stage of infection this may perhaps be possible, but not when the bacteria are in the depths of the tissues. Moreover, it is difficult to reach all the recesses of a large wound, and if one pocket is left unattacked, the surgeon's pains are thrown away. Strong antiseptic solutions, too, are very damaging to the tissues, which, it must be remembered, are in a condition of impaired vitality already. Another drawback to the use of antiseptic solutions, whether weak or strong, is the fact that many of them tend to become inoperative when in contact with the albuminous solutions like blood or pus. They form inert compounds with albumin, and will no longer destroy bacteria. It is claimed for an entirely new antiseptic, called from its color, flavine, that it actually proves more formidable to germs when in solution in blood-serum than in aqueous solution. But further trial is required before its value can be exactly classified.

Another device for the early removal

of septic matter is to cut away the infected tissues bodily. The extremely localized nature of gunshot injury is a help in this case. It is possible to excise the entire internal surface of the wound *en masse*, with all its sinuities and pockets, and to sew up the clean cavity remaining. This method enjoys the advocacy of Col. H. M. W. Gray, who has had success with it, but to be satisfactory it obviously must be done early, and requires in many cases considerable surgical skill. Cranial injuries and wounds of joints have been treated by this method with an encouraging measure of success.

But both the above methods can be effectively applied only when the wound is seen early, and in warfare this is not always possible. Many hours or even days may elapse before wounded men can be collected and carried to the casualty clearing stations. What, then, can be done when bacteria, deeply implanted in the tissues, are multiplying freely and in circumstances very favorable to their growth? Here the physiologist steps in and reminds the surgeon that the living body has its own guards against bacterial invasion; that healthy blood fluids are inimical to the growth of many, though not of all, bacteria; that the white corpuscles, the so-called phagocytes or germ-eaters, form an immense army for home defense; and that the effect upon the body of the absorption of the special toxins produced by bacterial action is to cause it to elaborate a neutralizing substance or antitoxin. Here, then, is the physiological basis both of the salt method and of the vaccine method of treatment. It is found that if a strong or saturated solution of common salt be applied to an infected wound, the salt by its osmotic action sets up a greatly increased flow of lymph from the tissues into the wound, thus

relieving the inflamed tissues of congestion, and setting up a flow of fluid from within outwards which tends to wash away bacteria. Both the lymph and the strong salt solution are unfavorable to the growth of bacteria. So far as the white corpuscles are concerned, strong saline solutions are unfavorable to their vitality; but when the wound has become healthier it is usual to decrease the strength of the salt solution until its saturation has reached that of a fluid of the same specific gravity as the blood. In a fluid of this degree of concentration the phagocytes can live and act freely.

The practical application of these principles consists either in packing the wound with gauze, between the folds of which tablets of salt are placed, or arranging for the continuous irrigation of the wound with a solution of salt of a known concentration. The latter method is suitable in a fixed hospital. And it is one of the great advantages of the former method that a case so dressed often requires no redressing for a few days, so that the anxieties connected with the provision of fresh dressings during transport from the casualty clearing station to the base hospital are set aside. The question of treatment by vaccines can scarcely be efficiently dealt with within the limits of a short article. In any case the rôle of vaccines is to neutralize tissue poisons elaborated by bacteria, rather than to contribute Nature.

directly to the closing and healing of the wound itself. The ideal vaccine would naturally be one which, injected into the body immediately after the wound is inflicted, has the power of getting in ahead of the toxins and neutralizing them. This prophylactic action is possessed by one of the serums used, and fortunately in the case of one of the deadliest of the bacteria, the tetanus germ. It has been found that the use of this serum in a moderate dose immediately after the infliction of the wound protects the wounded man from tetanus, and consequently an important part of the treatment at the casualty clearing stations is the administration of this preventive dose. As regards the other bacteria, serums and vaccines are used, but their value is not so well established as in the case of tetanus, though important results have been obtained and valuable lessons learned from their trial.

It will be seen from the above remarks that surgeons had not only to appreciate and elucidate a problem which at first presented many new and puzzling features, but also to devise means for its solution. How far they have been successful cannot be quite known until after the war. But enough experience has been gained to justify the hope that we are on the right track, and that the treatment our brave soldiers have a right to expect can now be given to them.

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### THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE.

Throughout the long suspense of the past months, while Fabian tactics marked the course of Mr. Wilson's statesmanship, the British public was puzzled and perplexed by the President's attitude and by that of the American people. The President perhaps could be the more easily ac-

counted for of the two (was he not a lawyer and by training prone to balance arguments to the last scruple?) but the American nation was another matter. The popular British idea of the United States, has been that of a country whose name is synonymous with liberty, whose people are quick



upon the point of honor and humanity, careful of the oppressed and stern towards the wanton oppressor. Why then, in the face of repeated outrage, those interminable delays, those quasi-academic discussions of legality, that sitting down, as it seemed to some, under open insult? Had the Land of Liberty lost sight of its old ideals, had the Bird of Freedom become as inert as its own bronze effigy which, gazing seaward, stands sentinel over Boston State House? Had a generous people forgotten how to resent insolence or to champion the cause which true American citizens hold of all others the most sacred? People on this side of the Atlantic who knew America only from history-books, dimly remembered and partially understood, had begun to shake their heads and ask themselves in their secret hearts whether Americans had grown so besotted with successful commerce as to have become pusillanimous. It seemed impossible, unthinkable—and yet, was this war of dialectic to end in nothing sterner than words? No one wanted to believe that; yet some feared.

Such misgivings however sprang chiefly from an incomplete knowledge of the American attitude. The average Briton at home takes no proper account of the progress of American national thought and feeling. We still live too much in the spirit of 1776 and cling to old ties of kinship which are now, not dead indeed, but wonderfully modified. It is well that we should appreciate that modification. In our curious insular superiority we still cherish a sentimental notion of a young Cousin Jonathan, who, although he thrashed us and taught us he had come to man's estate and could manage his own affairs, is still somehow a British subject at bottom. He is the interesting young kinsman, whose enterprise we admire, now that old wounds are healed, and to whose good

opinion we are not indifferent. Underlying all our thoughts is the idea that Jonathan, being a member of the family, must still feel entirely with the old household in its moments of stress. It is taken too much for granted that the United States must by hereditary instinct feel in a British way. It seldom, perhaps never, occurs to us to set America in the category of stranger nations. The idea seems unnatural, and in our self-sufficiency we jump at the conclusion that this sentiment must be reciprocal.

As a matter of fact it is not reciprocal at all, and the first realization of this truth can give the visitor to Columbia a very peculiar, perhaps a very salutary shock. One summer evening a few years ago, on his first voyage across the Atlantic, a Briton, full of the old kinship idea, was watching for the gleam of Boston Light. By his side stood a clever American "college-girl," whose vivacity and accomplishments had cheered the ship's company. As the first beam from the lighthouse twinkled on the horizon the girl saluted it and then, turning to the Briton, exclaimed: "You lucky foreigner—tomorrow you will see the Land of Liberty for the first time!"

The Briton's heart went cold. "Foreigner!" The word struck leaden. Not thus had he thought of America or the Americans. "Foreigner" to an Englishman or a Scotsman is always a harsh word, by the bad old tradition of the Napoleonic wars when every alien was a "damned furriner." The feeling may be out of place on an enlightened day when the Brotherhood of Nations seems nearer than we dreamed; but old association dies hard. Hence the word "foreigner," as applied by Cousin Jonathan's fair sister, was not comfortable. The Briton winced, smarted for a little, and then set himself to find a new orientation.

The girl's random word, used naturally and inevitably, was of infinite use to the traveler during his sojourn in the United States. He could not have found a more subtle key to the complex mystery of American nationality. At the very threshold of the United States he had been supplied by Providence with a word of power, a sure direction. He jettisoned his preconceived notions and realized that he would set foot on Boston Quay, not as the representative of a kindred people, an ancestral and perhaps venerable race, but merely as a foreigner. Now a kinsman may behave as one somewhat privileged: a foreigner may not. He must observe and be very wary, lest he offend national susceptibilities and prejudices of which he is ignorant. Hence the traveler took good heed to his steps and had his reward in a new view of the American character and feeling. Perhaps he was granted some insight denied to those who innocently but rashly presume too much on cousinship. Had his monitress been a mere society butterfly, he might not have given her remark such weight, but she was a more than superficial student of history. Out of her knowledge, out of her pure unconscious American patriotism had she judged the "Britisher." The United States have moved away from us. We look at them through traditional spectacles. They view us through the lens of an awakened and developed national consciousness.

Thus it comes about that for Americans even our supreme national conflict has lain hitherto in the region of "foreign affairs." Too many of us postulated an early, almost an instant awakening of family feeling, as it were. Implicitly we imagined that the old Scottish municipal motto, "Tangite unum, tangite omnes," and its quaint corollary, "Better meddle wi' the de'il than the hairns o' Falkirk," held

good of the relations between Great Britain and the United States. The question is entirely one of two separate nations, kindred certainly, but each with a distinct national consciousness. And the memory of old kinship is less present to the American mind than to ours. The American has fused his nationality out of so many diverse elements that the British factor is of far smaller account to him than we find it pleasant to believe. But in the acceptance of this fact lies the only key to a true understanding and sympathy between the United States and ourselves.

President Wilson rightly appreciated the situation when he seemed to lag behind in the active defense of freedom. But he understood his country, he had the clearest vision of her national concept. His own immediate descent, his humane inclinations doubtless moved him towards a speedier decision, but he knew that merely personal or local influences would carry no sanction. It was to the American nation, *per se*, that he looked for a mandate. He knew how his countrymen, in the mass, felt; how they would move to battle only as a united nation and for issues that touched that nation's honor and welfare. This terrible burden of war was not to be undertaken for a matter that seemed to concern only "foreigners." And for a time the trend of opinion was in that direction. But beneath this apparently selfish view lay loyalty to a loftier ideal, ready to be manifested as soon as the nation as a whole had been awakened to the true nature of the principle for which the Allies had risked all. From that principle no American citizen could long stand aloof. For the nation, then, Mr. Wilson, sure of his countrymen, waited. At the right moment he struck exactly the right note. "The world must be made safe for democracy."

That phrase linked up the most

fervent American national sentiment with the cause of world-wide liberty. Before it the barriers of frontier went down. The matter had passed out of the province of foreign affairs. America, true to her traditions, had solemnly set her hand to a new Declaration of Independence—independence not of any overbearing outside nation, but of the abstract idea of autocracy. Mr. Wilson, by long patience, has lifted The Outlook.

the struggle into the realm of pure universal principle. The question of espousing a sister nation's quarrel does not arise. Only thus could the President have carried the United States with him as he has done. And his delays, considered in terms of the American attitude as here outlined, become, one ventures to think, intelligible and very suggestive to the people of Great Britain.

J. D. S.

## FRANCE AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

Future historians will be curious to know how the Russian Revolution was welcomed in the country which so far was generally regarded as the revolutionary protagonist.

The answer must be that, although surprise and delight are sometimes companions, it was not so on this occasion; astonishment was so great that it suppressed any other feeling. The English reader must be reminded that at all times French papers are inferior to the London Press in point of foreign correspondence, and since the war the timidity of the Censor—mistrustful of the public, like all French officials—made matters worse. Only such of us as read English periodicals heard of the Stockholm interview between the German banker, Warburg, and Protopopoff in the summer of 1916. On 15 March 1917 Mr. Bonar Law discussed freely before the Commons Russian news which was carefully kept from the French the next morning, and was only revealed in the afternoon when the announcement of the abdication of the Czar had already reached the Antipodes. It took the Parisian newspaper reader months to know what the names of Stürmer and Protopopoff stood for, and the murder of Rasputin remained an enigma till after the Revolution.

The name of the Empress was hardly ever printed, though oral conjecture remembered that she was a German. The "obscure forces" which were occasionally hinted at as being in the way of true Russian and Allied interest were supposed to be corruption in the bureaucracy or absurd conservatism in some aristocratic circles. The only thing that seemed beyond the possibility of doubt was that the Russian people had in the one all-important question of the happy termination of the war an Ally on whom they could count in any emergency: this was the Czar.

It was on this mental background that the great scenes of the Revolution were suddenly made to appear, and we were invited to rejoice not only at the collapse of autocracy but even at the downfall of Nicholas II. Positively at a quarter of an hour's notice we had to get rid of our laborious self-delusion, during twenty years fostered and slowly transformed into a belief, that Russia, the Russia of the Czar, might be something difficult to understand at times, but something which made for the ideals that France is supposed to represent. The effort was too great for human powers, and nothing was ever farther from the lyrical condition of the men of 1792,

when they were liberating nations from tyrants, than our people's wonderment.

When the first shock was over there were serious issues about which we had to make up our minds. Liberty at the present day means liberty from the German; did the Russian Revolution promise victory over Prussia, or did it mean the probability of a hateful peace with the same? Revolutions nowadays are made by people apt to harbor ideas about the fraternity of men and races which are not conducive to the military termination of wars. What did the German Press mean when it bragged about making peace with Russia whenever it chose to make it? Were those journalists thinking of the "obscure influences" or of the radical nature of Russian internationalism? Even French Socialists, with the exception of the three Kienthal Deputies, felt uncertain and anxious. The days have long been past when the real conditions of Russia as a military Power were not known and only a little time was thought necessary in order to make the weight of the Eastern steamroller felt on German soil once more. Let Russia lose another battle and the long-cherished dream of the Germans, a separate peace with somebody East or West, must become a reality.

It was then that, after three or four days' paradisiacal visions of a revolution accomplished with hardly any bloodshed by men of the stamp of Prince Lvof and M. Milioukoff, and resulting in an offer of the throne to a man noble enough to refuse it, we were told of the existence of two separate and probably antagonistic centers of authority, and realized that millions in Russia, both soldiers and workmen, must be given some weeks to recover from their excitement, to transform their delight into a sober and entirely new state of mind, at

the very moment when even minutes ought not to be spared from making bread and gunpowder.

I sometimes see soldiers or workmen trying to read the Russian news in the Metro; occasionally I have heard their honest question: "C'est-y bon, ça?" and have done my best to prove that *that* could only be excellent. I have never once seen any enthusiasm over the military meetings at the conclusion of which a general in the audience hugs the private in the chair, while the maintenance of discipline is voted by acclamation. Not that these honest fellows doubt any more than we do the capacity of the Russian of any class to be a patriot—as a lady is a lady, drunk or sober; this goes without saying, but how tired the descendants of the men of 1792 and the soldiers of the Third Republic are of mere political enthusiasm and even of its least adulterated expression! The French look upon the Russian excitement as men in the prime of life who are not too satisfied with the state of their fortunes listen to boys enraptured by the notion of living their lives. The only exceptions I have noticed were the Socialists of the violent species, who cannot hear of a riot without wishing to be in it, and in default of a tyrant turn a Cabinet out in much the same style in which a *parvenu* vociferously gets rid of a trembling servant. There was M. Paul Souday, too, the scholarly but radical critic on the "Temps." This gentleman loved the idea that Gorki was to enter the new Russian Cabinet; he did not ask himself for what department of war activity a novelist of genius is qualified, and he must have been somewhat damped on hearing the next morning that his statesman meant to join at Stockholm a conference of German pacifists. But how few are belated democrats of this kind!

Ought we to conclude that the bulk

of the French nation resembles the Germans in their craving for realities, and that we have replicas of a Scheidemann satisfied with a monarchy so long as that monarchy passes the democratic laws which the French Republic has not been able yet to frame? No indeed. The present writer long before the war stated his belief that the Royalist Press was mistaken in its certitude that a war must bring about a Restoration. The monarchist idea, strong as are its arguments, has not gained an inch in the past three years. Public opinion is even silent about the working value of the mixed American system—democracy represented by personal government—which, however, is forced on its attention at every turn; for public opinion is poorly provided with doctrines and it lends a

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dull ear to theories. But of one thing it is certain—that is, the vanity of words, no matter how fervently repeated. The French want men capable of making the most of their country's resources in order to finish the war victoriously and to undertake its formidable liquidation wisely the day after peace is signed. They are dying to see a solid foundation of sensible politics on which they can rebuild their home life when the world's atmosphere becomes still once more—as strangely it will—but it is that they may forget there ever existed politicians and such a thing as political fever. Modest industrious commissions instead of noisy assemblies, sober decrees instead of brilliant speeches, an immense relief from words, is what France craves.

*Ernest Dimnet.*

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### AMERICA'S SHIPBUILDING RESOURCES.

Three years ago the United States were of little account in the lists of the world's shipbuilding; now they have sprung into a position of such great importance that the issue of the war will be decided in the American shipyards. The United States, and the United States alone, are able to redress the balance borne down against the Allies by the German U-boat attacks upon the world's commerce. In 1913 and 1914 America was not able to compete with us as shipbuilders. The costs of material and labor were almost twice as great in America as in the United Kingdom. America built for her Navy in specially provided yards, and for the Lake traffic in standardized grain and ore carriers; she did very little ocean steamer work. In 1913 her total mercantile output, chiefly for the Great Lakes, was 213 steamers of 265,000 tons, and in 1914 this small amount even declined to 155

steamers of 263,000 tons. For the greater part of 1915, in spite of rapidly rising prices, the American yards were almost empty, and the total output for that year was no more than 122 steamers of 230,000 tons. But by the middle of July it was apparent that a great expansion was in sight. Orders began to flow in, especially from Norway, new yards were fitted up and old ones increased in size. Nothing had been seen before in any way resembling the sudden boom, not even the expansion which followed the Spanish war, and endured from 1898 till 1901. Shipbuilding yards sprang up on both ocean coasts, on the Lakes, and on the navigable rivers even far inland. By the end of last year no less than 47 yards were fully equipped—21 on the Atlantic, seven on the Pacific, eight on the Great Lakes, and 11 on the rivers. But orders poured in faster than



yards could be equipped to deal with them; it was obvious that if prices kept up and a sufficiency of steel and labor could be procured the United States were in the way to become the largest builders of steel ships in the world.

The orders from Norway alone ran up in value to 40 millions sterling, and then late in 1916 and early in 1917, the British Government came in with offers to take every available slip anywhere for cargo carriers. As against the paltry output for 1915 of 122 mercantile steamers of 230,000 tons the United States launched during 1916 176 steamers (exclusive of small craft), measuring 531,000 tons. This was, however, just a beginning. By the end of June, the United States will launch 326 steel steamers of 998,000 tons, and by the end of September expect to put into the water over 400 steamers of all classes totaling more than 1,400,000 tons. There will be delays in completing all these steamers; material is getting scarce, even in the bountiful United States, and suitable labor is also scarce, but at the lowest estimate the world will get 1,000,000 tons of ocean cargo tonnage from America this year, in addition to the Lake tonnage, which, for its purpose of bringing supplies to the coast, is not less vitally important than ocean tonnage. We may expect the output of America not only to increase in volume, but in rapidity of execution. The standardization methods which our cousins on the other side have so successfully applied to motor-cars and machine tools are being applied to ships and marine engines, with similar results in rapid and economical production. What we have written applies only to mercantile building, for in addition to the 47 yards described the United States now possess eight Navy yards for warship building at Brooklyn, Boston, Portsmouth, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Charleston, New Or-

leans, and Puget Sound. If the war lasts through 1918 the United States in that year can scarcely fail to put afloat 2,000,000 tons of steel vessels, in addition to the wooden craft which have been projected in such vast numbers.

As the United States have gone up as producers of mercantile tonnage, so the United Kingdom has gone down. We have had to build and repair for the Royal Navy, and our yards, depleted of labor and of material, could not do everything. In 1913 we launched 1,977,000 tons of merchant steamers in 1914, 1,722,000 tons, in 1915, 649,000 tons, and in 1916, 582,000 tons. Small as was our nominal output for 1916, the addition to the world's supplies of completed ships was even smaller. Many ships that were launched were perilously slow in being completed. Now that mercantile work is seen to be vital to the success of the Allied cause, it has been given special facilities both for labor and material, and we should actually complete in 1917 fully a million tons, if not more.

The world's production of ships, even up to the end of 1916, did not nearly keep pace with the world's losses from war and marine casualties, and from the withdrawal of enemy tonnage from the seas. On balance between August, 1914, and December, 31, 1916, the mercantile ships afloat declined by 6,300,000 tons, and left no more than 24,000,000 tons available for other than purely war purposes—transports, colliers, and supply ships. The Salonica force alone uses up more tonnage than was occupied in war work during the South African campaigns of 1899-1901. The United Kingdom owned some 10,000,000 tons out of the international available total of 24,000,000 tons at the end of 1916. It is no secret that the losses since the beginning of this year have been very

heavy. The Germans claim to have sunk 1,600,000 tons (1,000,000 tons British) during February and March. This claim, as a matter of fact, is exaggerated, but not by so much as we could wish. If the submarine menace is not met more successfully—and only those who know something of the sea realize how difficult it is to keep it in check—the world must

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expect to be deprived of not less than 500,000 tons of shipping a month. Against this we have in sight 2,700,000 tons of British, American, and captured German ships, of which nearly 2,000,000 should be at work before the North American harvest is ready to be carried. With the most rigid economy, especially in food, we shall just pull through, but it will be a near thing.

### HARVARD AT THE FRONT.\*

Now that America has joined the crusade, the University of Harvard may justly claim to have shown the way. There have also been pioneers from Yale and Princeton and many another center of light and leading; but Harvard has sent forth a larger number of them than any similar institution. More than 400 Harvard men have joined the war—some forty-five of them in the combatant branches—and only four of the 400 have chosen the side of Germany. The editor, writing his preface in the days when his country was still neutral, declines to draw "the overwhelming conclusion that is most obvious"; but that is no reason why his readers should not draw it for him. "That Harvard men of German birth and sympathies," he writes, "led by a spirit of idealism and loyalty, would have given their services to Germany if access to the Teutonic countries had been possible, there can be no doubt." But that is a sentiment which breaks down under analysis.

The first Harvard men to help were those whom the outbreak of war found in Europe. It found them not only in France and England, but also in Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, and Switzerland. Those caught in the latter countries could have helped Germany

if they had chosen; if they did not help it was because they did not choose. Moreover, it is hardly correct to say that access to the Teutonic countries was impossible to men of German birth and sympathies. The former, in Count Bernstorff's time, would have had no particular difficulty in getting there with forged passports; the latter, as American citizens, had an indefeasible right to go—as Mr. Swope, and Mr. Hale, and Mr. Hermann Scheffauer, and a good many others actually did, though their object was to write and not to work. Evidently, therefore, it was lack of enthusiasm, not lack of opportunity, which withheld the potential recruits. The hearts of the Harvard men were from the first in the right place; and that place, in the case of the friends of the Entente, was anywhere rather than in their boots. They might be willing to dress wounds for either side, but it was only on the side of justice that they were willing to strike hard blows and risk their lives. Some twenty of them have already sacrificed their lives to the cause which they supported—at Festubert, at Ypres at Givenchy, at Verdun, at Tahure, and on the Somme. One of them—Victor Chapman—showed such prowess in the Franco-American Aviation Squadron that when he fell a French journalist paid his tribute in the

\*"The Harvard Volunteers in Europe: Personal records of experiences in military ambulance, and hospital service." Edited by M. A. De Wolf Howe. (Harvard University Press. London: Milford. 4s. 6d. net.)

words:—"Le roi de l'air est royalement mort."

Mr. Howe's book is, as it were, an anthology of the letters home of these gallant Harvard volunteers—a good many of them already printed in American newspapers, where they did a good deal of quiet, but none the less very useful propagandism. There are letters from surgeons, letters from dentists, letters from ambulance drivers, airmen, commissioned officers in many arms, and privates who enlisted in the Foreign Legion. There is little of the high-falutin' about them, though there is abundance of high spirits, and, above all, a fine display of that *esprit de corps* which distinguishes the universities of the Anglo-Saxon world. Mr. Philip C. Lewis is specially proud of the number of Harvard men engaged. "For the transportation department alone," he writes, "out of two hundred and fifteen college men enrolled, ninety are Harvard men. Yale and Princeton are next, with twenty-five and twenty-two respectively." Mr. Stephen Galatti tells of the constitution of a Harvard Club of Alsace Reconquise, founded on the night before the annual Harvard-Yale football match, whose first official act was "to send a telegram to Percy Haughton, advising him how to beat Yale by Joffre tactics," and concluding with the words, *On vous regarde même des sommets des Vosges*. It was a club with twenty-five members; and its active career was only ended with the transfer of the section to another Army. Another group—Army sur-  
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geons this time—kept national traditions alive by playing a baseball match against Canada, "scoring eight runs in the first innings and knocking the Canadian pitcher out of the box."

Naturally the book does not add much to our knowledge of the tactics and strategy of the war; but Dr. Cushman's article, reprinted from *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, is a valuable essay on the importance of dentistry to the work of armies. It is a matter in which before the war and during its early stages we were very negligent, and might have learned much from our enemies. "Whereas it was reported," Dr. Cushman writes, "that with the original German Army invading Belgium as far back as August, 1914, there were but five hundred dentists, there were among all the British troops in June of last year but fifteen." He adds, as conclusive proof of the importance of this branch of surgery, that "septic roots in the mouth were early recognized by the medical men as a causative or contributing factor in many cases of arthritis, gastritis, and ear and nose affections." Theoretically, of course, our own medical men are perfectly well aware that pyorrhœa is often at the back of these and other complications; but it is hardly to the credit of our Army Medical Service that it should have been necessary for a dentist to come all the way from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to convince them of the utility of basing some practical action on that knowledge.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Children of the Desert" is a story of the Southwest by Louis Dodge, whose earlier book, "Bonnie May," proved exceedingly popular. The author gives a highly romantic and emo-

tional theme a realistic handling in a rapid-fire, breezy manner. He tells of a great-hearted, unsuspecting man who married a light woman in all innocence of her real character. The

story is vivid and intense, but never takes advantage of its emotional possibilities to become cheaply sensational. Tradition in literature of this kind would lead us to expect a complete transformation wrought by love upon the character of the woman, and a happy ending; but, without becoming unnecessarily grim and cruel, the story shows in the full light of reason the pitiless truth of the law that what is sown shall be reaped. Local color, a sense of the southwest country and its people, is conveyed by the author with a minimum of obvious effort. There are no long pages of description to delay the rapid development of the plot, but the setting is as clearly defined as if chapters were given up to it. All of this would point to the assumption that the story is written by one who really knows what he is writing about—one who knows from close range. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In "Hiding Places" Allen French, its author, has an unusually interesting circumstance to build his story upon. A whimsical old ancestor of some farming people, "north of Boston," concealed about his farm six boxes of curious shape and size, all varying, and each containing many thousand dollars' worth of jewels. In his will he stipulated that whoever should find one of the boxes should be its owner, and that no matter how many branches of the family should in time to come have their homes upon the land, the property, all except the actual dwelling houses, should be held in common. The book opens with the finding by Binney, a young farm lad of the old family name, of a box containing thirty thousand dollars' worth of gems. The story is remarkably clever in showing the effect upon character of the acquisition of sudden wealth, and the unrest and disquiet, the trouble and ruin which followed in the train of seeming good fortune. Binney goes to Boston and

endeavors to become a gentleman, and after becoming involved in a gigantic swindle, returns to the farm to find, in the end, what is really worth while. Far more interesting than the romantic suggestion of the theme is the character study, the study of the corroding influence of greed upon simple hearts. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Louis A. Coolidge is the author of a new "Life of Ulysses S. Grant" and a most readable book he makes of it. He finds that his hero "thought straight forward and was free from artifice—rare qualities which served him well in war and in most executive emergencies" but left him naked to his enemies in the sinuous ways of politics. Mr. Coolidge does not avoid giving to the full the "sordid prelude" to Grant's heroic end; but he does manage to present a very lovable, simple-minded, stainless, single-purposed man. He awakens affection for the President and the General. By far the larger part of the book is occupied by the career of Grant after the war; the battles are treated vividly and hurriedly, the early life scarcely more than suggested in a few tense paragraphs. Then this true American steps out, hating war and the army life, marching straight ahead to the goal of right as he saw right throughout his Presidency, traveling around Europe, bored in Art Galleries, at the sight of Cathedrals, at the honors heaped upon him, coming back to America with joy, tumbling into poverty and dying in the supreme attempt to finish his book that his wife might have a livelihood. The whole thing is done with a dramatic touch. If this is not the real Grant—one hopes it was. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Longfellow's line, "A boy's will is the wind's will," gives the clue to the title of Eugenia Brooks Frothingham's latest novel, "The Way of the Wind." Its hero, a highly strung, impression-

able, irresponsible, but lovable young fellow of twenty-three, has left his home in disgrace from some college escapade, and his whereabouts are unknown at the time the story opens; his father has died, and the handsome property which should have been half his, has been left to his half-sister, nearly twenty years older—a New England woman of the conventional cultivated and traveled type—with the proviso that, if he returns, she shall give him the chance to prove by his conduct that he deserves to handle his share of it. The re-appearance of Edgar Chilworth, his passionate grief for his father, and the hopeless antagonism between his temperament and his sister's make a strong appeal to the sympathies of Janet Eversley, a charming woman, in age midway between the two, who happens to be a guest at the Chilworth summer home among the New Hampshire mountains. An entanglement from his heedless past claims Edgar, a safer lover besieges Janet, and the plot is prolonged through several years, some of its most significant episodes occurring in Boston, "behind the purple window panes that were made before our Revolution." Miss Frothingham always writes brilliantly, but one lays down this book with a disappointed sense that her characters fail to convince. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Not many of the writers of the lengthening list of "war books" have had such opportunities of studying the governmental and diplomatic phases of the great conflict as S. S. McClure, whose book on "Obstacles to Peace" is published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. During the first four months of last year, Mr. McClure was in Germany, and made brief visits to Belgium, the Russian East Front, Vienna, Buda-Pesth and Constantinople. Later, he spent three or four months in England and France, and also

visited Verdun and the Argonne. He was fortunate in securing the confidence of leading officials and statesmen in all these countries, and he reports interviews with Herr Zimmermann, the German War Minister, author of the scheme for arraying Mexico and Japan against the United States; von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Prime Minister; von Bissing, the cruel German Governor of Belgium, whose evil activities have recently been halted by death; the powerful Turkish Minister, Talaat Bey; Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian Prime Minister, and Count Berchtold and Count Tisza, past and present Austro-Hungarian Ministers of Foreign Affairs; and Lord Haldane and Lord Northcliffe. He has made a thorough study of official documents, from which he quotes freely; and his book is a graphic and illuminating presentation, not only of present conditions but of earlier conditions and events which led up to the war and which help to explain both the material and the spiritual obstacles to peace—the problems of territory and the bitter national hatreds.

Students of "New Thought" and readers who are simply curious to know just what New Thought stands for and what is its message, should be interested in two books published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co. The first, "The Spirit of the New Thought," edited by Horatio W. Dresser, Honorary President of the International New Thought Alliance, contains twenty or more essays and addresses by leaders of the New Thought movement defining its beliefs and aims. The second "New Thought Christianized," by James M. Campbell, D.D., is a criticism of some phases of New Thought, and emphasizes the need of a stronger emphasis upon spiritual sonship and upon Christ as the life-center.